

# VOGUE



*This Number a*  
**FORECAST**  
*of*  
**Autumn Fashions**

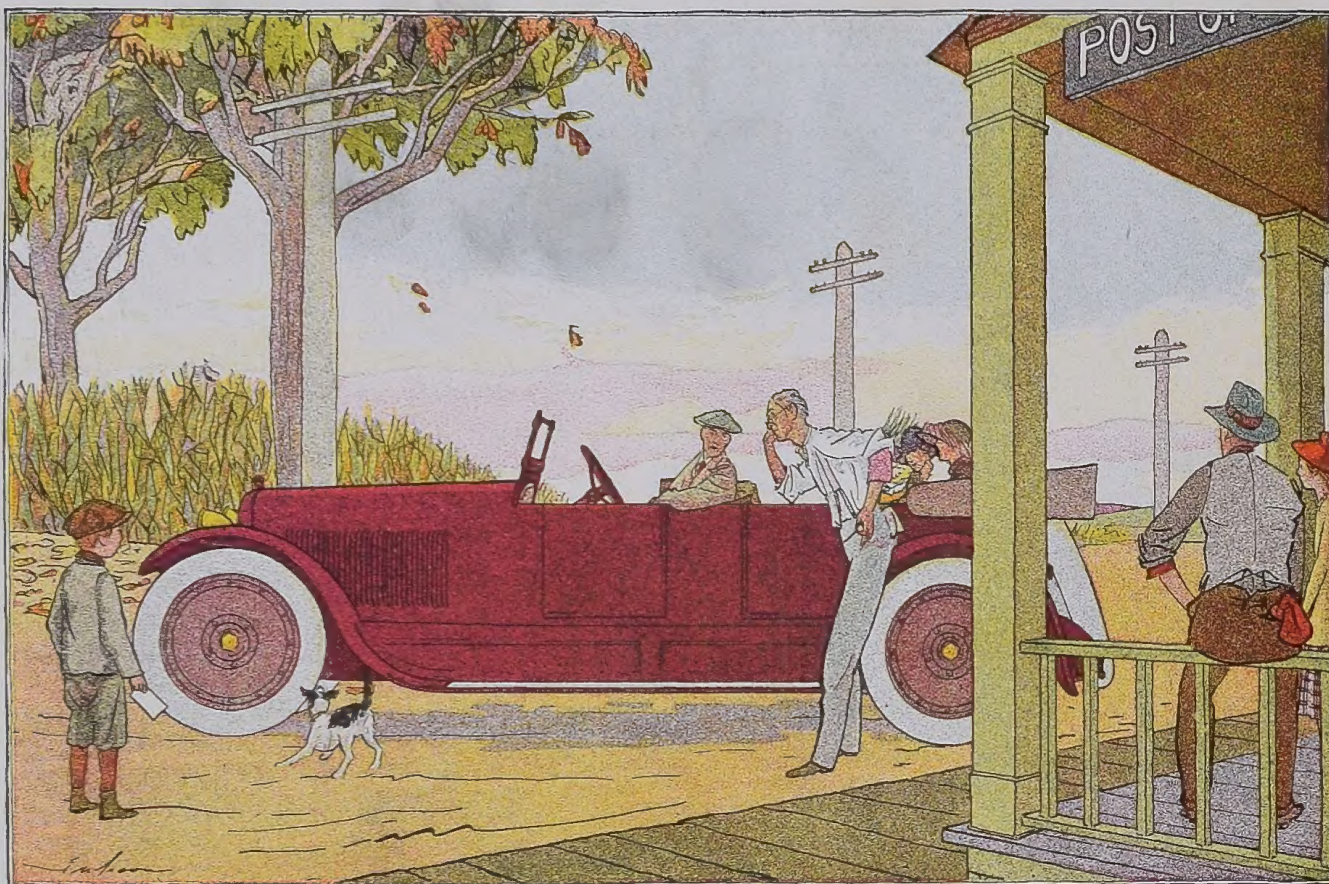
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Edition*

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# JORDAN



## *The Silhouette for early Autumn*

WHEREVER this Silhouette, created by Jordan, appears on boulevard or highway, it definitely heralds the new and marks the passing of the old. And so it should be.

It is unmistakably French in influence—both as to comfort and contour.

The slender, all-aluminum custom style body, the unexpected angle at the dash, the low slanting windshield, the broad, square, wide-opening doors, the rectangular mouldings, the tall hood with its twenty-nine slim louvers all prove that France has lost none of her taste for things beautiful.

A flat, almost severe, top edge takes the place of the now-out-of-date bevel—and is cleverly accentuated by the merest suggestion of a front seat cowl.

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Soft hand buffed leather of quaint lustre wells up around you. The arm rest is in just the right position. Your knees are not too high. You have a gratifying sense of riding *in* the car and not *on* it.

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This Silhouette is the lightest car on the road—for its wheelbase—and the best balanced. But in spite of its balance, its beautiful contour, its lightness and its lowness, it possesses the sturdy substantial *appearance* of the *really* heavy car.

Such is the Jordan Silhouette—the proper motor car for early autumn.




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JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Cleveland, Ohio*

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## VOGUE TAKES THOUGHT FOR THE NEW HATS

**N**O matter how old a woman may be—or how “new”—she can’t help visioning the change of seasons as a change of hats. It’s such a sure indication. And so far ahead! Long before the first autumn leaf comes the first autumn hat—a tentative imported shy autumn hat—in July, if you please. By the time man with his slower reason is beginning to realize who is the new golf champion this summer—behold, Vogue’s Autumn Millinery Number (September 15), one long cosmopolitan adventure in velvet and feathers, beginning at Paris and ending, no less thrillingly—but who knows where it will end?

### HATS YOU LONG TO KNOW

Oh, those hats! Vogue has seen hats, sketched hats, photographed hats, lived and dreamed and hoped and died hats for a whole month. But—it was worth it, *mes enfants*.

Here, peeping between the pages, you can see a shimmering turban in silver ribbon trimmed with grey and white goat’s hair—a bizarre lit-

tle Persian trifle of many-coloured silks—soft velvet hats with no outline but sheer artistry, hats with pompons to match one’s neckpiece—hats that twinkle with blonde, the new baby ostrich trimming—hats that owe their distinction to those so wonderful cassowary feathers, lovelier and livelier than ostrich ever was.

There aren’t—as yet—any extremely big hats and comparatively few extremely small ones, but the in-between hats make up in sheer line what they lack in size. As a rule, they turn up in front, and the movement of the trimming is all in that direction. Also—and this is most important—they aren’t worn straight over one’s brow, but placed jauntily toward the back of one’s head. And the veils—but we won’t describe them. You’ll have to wait for that September fifteenth number.

As to colours—there is black, of course, than which nothing is or could be more becoming. There is toast colour, too; there are all the lovely melting nasturtium tones from yellow to deep flame, not forgetting flamingo, the most dangerously attractive of them all. And when-

ever the hat chooses a colour not gay enough in itself, there is the sheen of metal—at the ends of feathers, in allover embroideries on the crown, in balls, and dangles, and pins.

### INTEREST ASIDE FROM HATS

Apart from hats, the Autumn Millinery Number takes thought for coiffures, veils, serge and gabardine frocks—the “first cool day” kind that you’ll need at once—and, in the Limited Income Department, there are two pages of good-looking day dresses and coats. The Shopping Service has selected hats, blouses, suits, and frocks for first autumn days, searching all New York to find the smartest models at the best values.

Then, lest the nimble brains beneath the autumn hats should complain that we were overlooking them—Vogue begins its music, stage, and art departments for the winter in the September Fifteenth Number. . . . Can you live without it? Ye—es. You could. But—you’d live to regret it.

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for

Late September, 1919



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DEMMEYER

Baron de Meyer

### LADY GEORGE WELLESLEY

Lady George Wellesley is the sister of the twenty-second Knight of Kerry and was married in 1917 to Lieutenant-Colonel Lord George Wellesley, M. C. Grenadier Guards and Royal Air Force. Her first husband, Lord Richard Wellesley, second son of the Duke of Wellington, who was mentioned in dispatches for gallantry, was killed at the first battle of Ypres in 1914. Lieutenant-Colonel Lord George Wellesley has been flying ever since 1913 and has seen much active service, chiefly on the western front. He carried out one of the earliest aerial reconnaissances at the Battle of Mons in 1914, was mentioned in dispatches for bravery, and was decorated with the British Military Cross. Lord and Lady Wellesley will live permanently in America.



There were eight—not fourteen—points on this octagonal black satin hat tufted with scarlet maribou; there was a dark fox fur topping a black lace and taffeta gown; and inside, there was Mlle. Forzane, all at the Prix des Drags

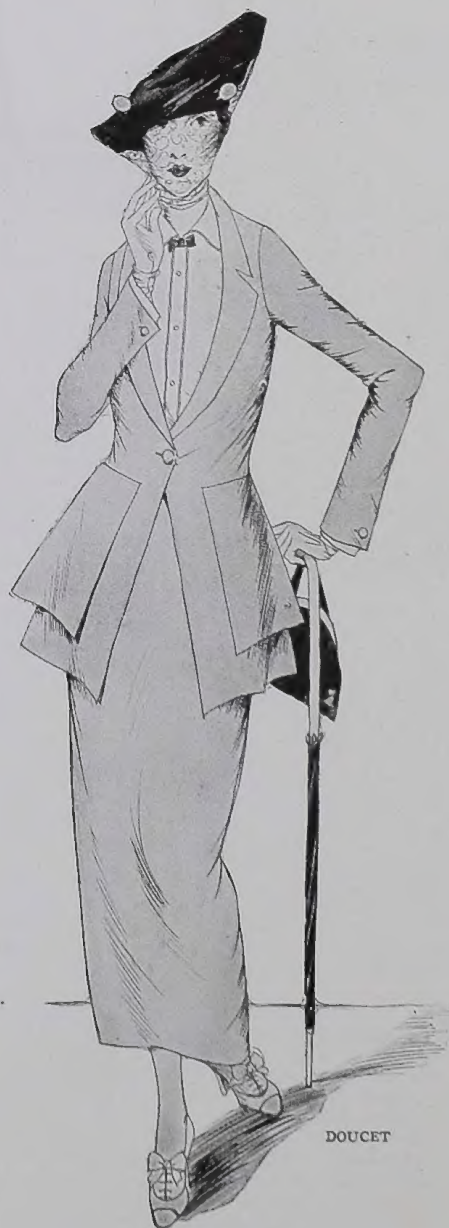


## PARIS WEATHER-VANES ARE SET *for* CHANGE of MODE

The Severe Tailleur on Louis XV Lines Is Definitely Foretold;

Skirts Add Perceptibly to Their Length, and the Chemise Frock

Trembles on Its Throne Before a Silhouette Wide at the Sides



TO forecast the autumn mode with absolute accuracy during the summer would be to make one's everlasting fortune as a prophet. The French couturiers snatch a few weeks' hard-earned vacation during the lull after the summer orders are filled and before the rush of preparation for the August collections begins. In former years, they used to launch some novelties at the great race-meets at the end of June, but, since the war, such public occasions have become so very much more democratic that they have lost a great deal of their chic, and there has been no revival of the procession of manikins from the great houses, wearing the latest product of the workrooms of the Rue de la Paix and the Place Vendôme. Novelties in smaller numbers are still to be seen at public gatherings, but they are often the expression of the personal taste of some particular woman in collaboration with her dress-maker, so that although they may be indicative of the direction in which the minds of the couturiers are working, they are too individual to be perfectly reliable as an indication of the coming mode. Prophecy must be based upon observation of details, upon deduction, upon consultations with the makers of the materials of which the winter creations will be made, and, above all, upon that subtle something which is known in newspaper language as "a nose for news."

### THE NEW TAILLEUR

In the beginning of September, the American woman is looking for information about her autumn tailleur or about the one-piece frock which she will alternate with it when her summery gowns begin to look a little out of fashion. Present indications point to a considerable change in this form of dress. In the first place, this tailleur seems to have entered upon a period of great popularity, due, perhaps, to the fact that the men tailors have been demobilized and are now available to give to a suit that close-cut, well-

(Left) In modified form of an eighteenth-century mode so securely in favour, a brown cloth suit wears pocket-like patches of green embroidery over the side fulness of its long coat

It couldn't deny its origin if it would, this modified Louis XV coat accentuating its hips according to the mode with huge pocket flaps and fastening with one button very low







MARTIAL ET ARMAND

*Hand in hand with autumn hastens the tailor back to Paris, forgetting its belts, sometimes lengthening its skirts, but vastly careful to accentuate its width at the hips by such means as these hemstitched ruffles on a suit of grey green tricotine*

pressed look which it has been almost impossible to obtain in France during the war. Logically enough, we notice among the women who give a lead to the mode a revival of the severe jacket on mannish lines. Coats hung from the shoulder with plain collar and notched revers, the breast pocket, and the conventional buttoned cuff finishing a flatly set-in sleeve, are details that we may expect from our men tailors, and we find them here and there at this moment and shall continue to see them in increasing numbers as the season goes on.

Alongside of this severe garment, we shall see a modern version of the Louis XV coat, rather fitted in its lines, with a slightly nipped-in waist and a good deal of spring at the hips, often accentuated by means of large pocket flaps, godet plaits, or skirts cut circular to give fulness at the sides. The Doucet model sketched at the lower left on page 35 is a type of this mode, which takes its inspiration from the dress of the men of Louis XV's day; it is shown in a biscuit coloured homespun, very open in front over a blouse of white linen; the coat buttons with one button and has big pocket flaps at the sides.

## A LOUIS XV VERSION

On the same page is an advance winter model from the house of Beer; this also takes its inspiration from the eighteenth century, though less directly. Worthy of notice is the length of the coat, for long coats are prophesied in several quarters, together with the beltless cut, for all are agreed that the belt has seen its best days and must go; the concentration of the fulness is at the sides where it is confined with two patches of embroidery resembling pockets, letting the ma-

terial fall in soft unpressed folds. The two Martial and Armand suits sketched on this page give many indications for autumn. Both show unbelted backs, accentuation of the hips, and wider longer skirts.

The skirts of all these models are moderate in width, but wider than those we have been wearing, while, as to length, they will be made to suit the taste of the wearer. Length of skirts has been such a point of difference between French and American fashions that it is worth discussing. The best-dressed Frenchwoman seems to have abandoned the very short skirt which she adopted during the scarcity of vehicles. One still sees it on the boulevards, of course, but the boulevards are no more an indication of real fashion than is Broadway. We shall continue to see the short skirt for suits and morning frocks, though probably longer than its exaggerated war version, for the women here like them and are persuaded that the short skirts make them look younger. But, for afternoon gowns, there is beginning to be a feeling for greater length, and at the Prix des Drags, many of the women whose names are recognized were wearing dresses which might almost be described as long. The transparent hem which is still so much in favour for these gowns often covers the ankle. A lace frock may trail one end of tulle almost on the ground, while draped satin skirts descend quite far down on one side. It is a becoming and graceful fashion.

## REDINGOTE FROCKS IN FAVOUR

The one-piece frock will continue to be worn, and it is predicted that the overwhelming success of Chéruit's redingote model will tend to popularize that cut for frocks of this kind. This model is cut like a coat fastening at the side front and folding over from shoulder to hem, and is buttoned at the natural waist-line with one button. It is lined with a brightly printed foulard which shows with the motion of the wearer, and its salient feature is the collar made of two sections of fine plaiting lined with the silk, which may be worn high around the face and neck or opened in front. The convenience of this model and the almost universal becomingness of its semi-fitted bodice lines, lead us to think that it will be popular for the first cool autumn days. That the waistcoat will continue to serve its useful and ornamental purpose as accessory to the tailored suit is almost certain. The fabric makers are putting out a large line of materials suitable for these garments, and both the severely cut suit and the modified Louis XV model look well with them.

For afternoon dresses, there is nothing so popular at the present moment as lace, of which there has been a veritable renaissance. On the great race days at the end of the season, one saw innumerable models in black, white, and beige lace, most of them in some form of the tiered or flounced skirt. Bodices were a mere film of fabric over the arms and shoulders with only as much lining as was absolutely necessary.

## CHARMING GOWNS OF LACE

The models shown on page 37, from three leading houses, show the lace gown in different versions. The Chéruit model, at the top of that page, is in black appliqué over black crêpe de Chine, the foundation swathing the form as snugly as possible. Over this lining, the lace is hung with considerable fulness, concentrated where all fulness is concentrated these days—at the hips. The bodice, over a mere strip of lining, shows the pattern of the lace to great advantage over a white skin, and the sleeves are very loose and ample at the wrists. The decoration of the skirt, in its novel combination of green handkerchief linen leaves and floss silk flowers, is a typical originality of the house of Chéruit. The Lucile model sketched at the lower left on that page, is also characteristic of the draped lines of this house, and its graceful length is to be noticed. The Chanel model shows the flounced skirt in all its glory. These gowns and others like them were seen at the races worn with large hats of tulle, the crown of one thickness showing the well-dressed hair as plainly as an evening coiffure would have done.

Monsieur Paul Marescot, head of one of the largest lace houses of France, predicts a great vogue for metal laces for evening wear and shows them in endless variety. One of the loveliest is of silver threads on a beige silk tulle foundation, the combination of silver and beige being newer and much more subtle than beige and gold. Copper lace, in a season in which copper is to be



MARTIAL ET ARMAND

*One of the major prophets of the mode wears light biscuit coloured broadcloth with inserts at the hips of its long beltless semi-fitted coat for fulness and with a skirt correctly wider and longer—since the Parisienne no longer goes afoot*

featured, is certain of success, while a revival of the modes of a former period, including the woollen lace of our grandmothers, is seen in all colours for trimming. During the war, women did not wish to wear lace, for they considered it too *habillée* to suit the times and much too fragile to withstand the wear and tear of carriageless existence. But now it has become almost a duty to be well dressed, and there are more private cars to be seen every day. Women may return to the loveliest and most feminine of fabrics, knowing at the same time that they are patriotically encouraging one of the great industries of France. Exquisite laces are being used again for those gowns of finest linen and lace, over black satin or taffeta, which used to be considered typically Parisian. Lace capes, worn over dresses even more fragile, are a conceit of the late summer season, seen side by side with large capes of chiffon in neutral shades, such as those of tête de nègre chiffon lavishly banded with fur. Women who have beautiful lace put away are taking it out and using it for frocks of the flounced mode, which is growing too popular to be permanent, it is to be feared.

## ELABORATE SKIRTS FOR EVENING

Skirts of afternoon and evening gowns have usurped the attention of the dressmakers. They are almost elaborate; if they are not flounced, they are draped or puffed up into panniers, hung in plaited sections like flower petals, scalloped, kilted, finely ruffled, treated in the thousand ways which the ingenuity of clever brains have devised. An amusing development of the evening mode is the revival of the immense hoop, flat in the front and back and enormously extended at the sides,





CHÉRUIT

In Paris, this season, it may be seen that an afternoon gown is simply another name for lace. Underneath the airy logic of this gown of black appliqué lace is a very tight foundation of black crêpe de Chine, and the lace, seeing to what depths the bodice had sunk, covers up as much as lace can reasonably be expected to. The whole point about the skirt is the end of tulle hanging almost to the ground



CHANEL

Flounced within an inch of its beige coloured Chantilly life, much after the manner of the famous petal frocks, this gown has a way of slipping its jacket-shaped bodice over the chic wearer's head



LUCILE

This bird's-eye view of Paris, where they all but exceed the lace limit, is one-sided to a long extent of drapery. It is cream coloured lace over flesh satin and wears a hat of white lace and paradise





LANVIN

these lines is proved by the gown worn by Monna Delza at the Prix des Drags, a gown of pale grey and bright green satin combined with white tulle in a fashion which might have been taken from a print of the early days of Louis XVI. I have seen this gown, which is shown in the sketch at the upper right on this page, developed in dark blue satin with a warm red satin combined with the white tulle. Rather close-fitting bodice lines are a characteristic of these more formal modes which were invented in the days when women laced themselves into the most confining corsets. Modern life forbids a return to the artificially tiny waists which were once the ambition of all women. But that the unconstrained lines of the corsage will be retained, at least for evening wear, seems to be prohibited by the extension of the skirts. The mode depends

(Left) Typical of the shadowy things that go on the night life of Paris is this evening gown worn by Jane Rénouardt in "Le Bonheur de Ma Femme." At the bottom of the matter is a tightly cut foundation of yellow satin, while the stiffened overdress is of yellow net

(Right) Monna Delza wore it at the "Prix des Drags" at Auteuil and, of course, looked like something out of the eighteenth century. For it is of shiny pale grey satin over white net, and at the opening, the bodice, revealing green satin, obeyed that impulse and added two green tabs

(Below) Side by side with the conventional evening gown of brocade or velvet or tulle, one sees such charming inflated styles as this gown worn by Jane Rénouardt in "Le Bonheur de Ma Femme." The black Chantilly lace skirt is extended on hoops and the bodice—Oh, it's going, going—gone



POIRET

which is having an unexpected success. Callot, I believe, began it last winter when she made the first "infanta" frocks for the fêtes which celebrated the signing of the armistice, and the dance-mad world of Paris took to it with enthusiasm as marvellously practical for dancing the fox-trot.

Lanvin has made two versions of it for Jane Rénouardt to wear in the new piece at the Théâtre des Capucines, "Le Bonheur de Ma Femme." The gowns are shown on this page. One of them, in black Chantilly, shows the immense skirt hung over a lining of like proportions; the other is like a butterfly with huge tulle wings over a closely fitting foundation. No greater indication of the present catholicity of the mode could be found than the contrast of these immense Louis XV skirts, whose wearers have difficulty in getting through a modern carriage door with the clinging, closely wrapped gown of brocade or velvet which continues to be the choice of many well-dressed women, or the fluffy, youthful, tulle dancing frock with its abbreviated skirts; yet all three may be seen worn side by side at the same entertainment.

The fabric makers are showing silks of greater body, suggesting the revival of robes de style rather than these immense hoops which one is inclined to believe a folly of the moment. That some of the feminine minds are thinking along



LANVIN

upon contrast for effectiveness, and snugly cut bodices are therefore demanded by the very width and elaboration of the skirts. That the Louis XIV fashion of elbow sleeves will be adopted with these gowns is highly improbable. The Parisienne likes the sleeveless gown for evening as much as she likes short sleeves for afternoon. The glove to wear with it has been a problem. No gloves at all, with a sleeve which extends but a few inches below the shoulder, that seems a little too informal to wear in public, while the sun is shining—and yet, Paris has never admired the substitute of wrinkled kid for the bare arm. Just at present, too, the bracelet is the Parisienne's favourite extravagance in jewellery, and she is wearing many of them on each wrist, which the glove would cover. The natural suggestion is the wrist-length glove of the sixties, and we may very possibly see this quaint fashion revived.

One of the favourite modes of trimming the elaborate skirts of the summer mode was to fringe them in all conceivable fashions. Fringe, however, has been overdone, and it is time that something should take its place to give that favoured feeling of swaying movement to the skirt. Fine plaiting is the substitute suggested, and it is probable that a great deal of it will ornament the skirts of the coming season. M. H.



HINTS OF VAST IMPORT ARE OFFERED BY  
THE FROCKS THAT WENT TO THE RACES

THE PRIX DES DRAGS AND GRAND PRIX

WERE TRIAL GROUNDS FOR NEW MODES

(Below) The Marquise de Chaponey, née Brissac, is among those who accord favour to the new silhouette. At the Grand Prix at Longchamp, she wore this tailored frock looped at the sides to simulate small panniers



(Below) At the Prix des Drags, this black satin gown effected a compromise with the mode by adopting side draperies—brown tulle—while retaining the straight skirt. Two brown leathers trimmed the black velvet hat



Emphatic prediction of a new silhouette is made in this mauve gown seen at the Prix des Drags. Fullness is gathered at the sides and falls in cascades emphasized by ruched ribbons on the edges

(Above, middle) At the Grand Prix was glimpsed this new-fashioned old-fashioned parasol bordered with metal brocade, and under it, that bewildering short skirt which Paris seems about to modify



The Marquise de Polignac appeared at the Grand Prix wearing a frock in which fringe played a leading rôle. The sandal shoes of patent leather are favourites at present with this Parisienne



(Left) Three taffeta frocks went to the Grand Prix to illustrate the new mode. The one at the left did it by plaited frills at the sides, while the other two accomplished the matter with the aid of panniers



For the lace mode, black lace and transparent gold tissue made this cape

(Right) The eighteenth century and Monna Delza inspired Poiret to new lines



de Givenchy



The Duchess of Vallombrosa wore a gown with tunic longer than skirt

(Left) Of grey satin, green satin, and white net was this prophet of a new mode





*This astounding person is here to show no less than nine Rodier novelties for the winter season. Over her skirt of broderie chinoise in gold and silver threads on blue astarté, she wears a panécla jacket of Les Animaux de Djerbil. Le palanquin, a green and blue astarté, and djersador mandil hang over her arm; and the wall decoration shows les cavaliers de Chalais. The curtain is of printed djersador called les montagnes de Chine, and the cushions are of gorgeous panécla and duvetine*

## The AUTUMN THOUGHTS of FRENCH MATERIALISTS

THE general impression carried away from the winter collection of Rodier is one of colour, colour, colour. If this house can accomplish it—and they have a way of accomplishing things—we are to be emancipated at last from the reign of black and navy blue. This collection, representing as it does both woollen and silken fabrics, is complete, impressive in its richness, exceedingly varied, and of excellent workmanship. It is difficult to write of materials without making a mere catalogue of the names of novelties and new versions of the successes of other seasons. It seems more profitable, however, to consider the winter collections as a fore-

In the New Textiles, the Discerning Eye Will

See the Shadow Cast Before the Coming Mode

*Sketches by Brunelleschi*

cast of the mode which, in reality, is based upon them, since it uses materials as foundation.

Looking at the Rodier collection from this point of view, one may say emphatically that the coming season will be one of rich and warm colouration. Nothing in woollen materials will be able

to outvie the popularity of duvetine, according to Rodier Frères. Let it be said that the 1919 duvetine is softer and more supple than ever, and that there are two weights, one for gowns and one for coats. Duvetine de Dakhel, a striped novelty in combinations such as green, beige, and blue, shows green and beige in equal widths and blue in a narrow line on either side of the green stripe. Printed duvetine is another novelty, and an example is shown in duvetine chinoise. A great vogue is predicted by Rodier for printed fabrics of all sorts, including duvetine, cachemire de soie, and silk jersey. This may indicate the passing of the rather





*She can't run away from the creations of Bianchini Férier, for she has fallen in love with them, and, besides, silk fetters are often the strongest. She is wrapped in seduisia, a supple navy blue brocade that lifts to show her skirt of silk voile with raised cricket designs. The cushion at the right is covered with ondoyant, the other with gold-brocaded silk voile in a Louis XVI design*

overdone mode of embroidery which we have had for two seasons.

In the realm of the heavier woollen fabrics, dark mixtures, such as heather and oxford, will be seen. One of the new fabrics, called buravella, is soft and fluffy and comes in plain colours, in checks, and in Scotch plaid effects. Big warm coloured plaids are expected to make a great showing in the winter mode, and a material called buracolor shows attractive combinations of this idea. The basis of both these fabrics is, of course, the blanket-like bure. Many stripes of infinite variety in colour combination and grouping widths are shown in soft thick materials which indicate the continued popularity of the waistcoat, which is liked as well as ever.

#### FROM RODIER'S LOOMS

Oueddina is an example of fluffy velours de laine with blended stripes of green, red, tan, or black. The green is bluish in shade and very new. Among the new bures are bures de Djelali and bures de Djedda, both of which are striped with black on a coloured ground. A similar material, called bure de Nezlet, has a ground of plain bright colour with a border of a violently contrasting shade in points running into the plain surface. These materials remind one of Canadian blanket coats, and a remark that they looked like Poirer's creations has brought forth the fact that they had indeed been his choice for some of his winter models. Diabures for winter tailleurs have a ground of golden brown, red, blue, or green marked off into big squares with a black line and are called limousine.

A trimming material which catches one's fancy by its Algerian suggestion is grannic flammé woven in bayadère stripes of yellow, red, blue, green, and black; it has a sort of frosting of metal threads over its surface.

It has been said that printing is much favoured, and it has been successfully applied to the cachemire de soie called astarté which is one of the best-liked plain materials of this house. This year, it comes printed with a design of Chinese palanquins in green on a dark blue ground; it is called le palanquin and is also embroidered in metal in an allover Chinese or Japanese design. Rodier has drawn largely on the Orient for design and colour combination, as well as upon Algeria and Morocco.

The vogue of jersey both in wool and silk is not by any means finished. This year, diersader is printed in various designs. One of them, called les Montagnes de Chine, shows a celestial landscape. A very unusual printed jersey named les

cavalier de Chalois and copied from a Greek vase has a pattern of Greek horsemen in colour on a white ground. Another fabric to which printing has been successfully applied in former seasons is panécla, the brilliant flexible panne velvet which is another famous material of this house. Panécla frimlah shows a new design of varicoloured flowers, like Hindoo embroidery. Another amusing pattern is called les animaux de Djerbil and shows a panécla printed with Persian hunting pictures. Animal designs, by the way, are favoured by several of the fabric houses. A novelty is plain dark panécla embroidered all over with a spaced flower in metal threads, an idea which is also strongly suggestive of Hindoo embroidery.

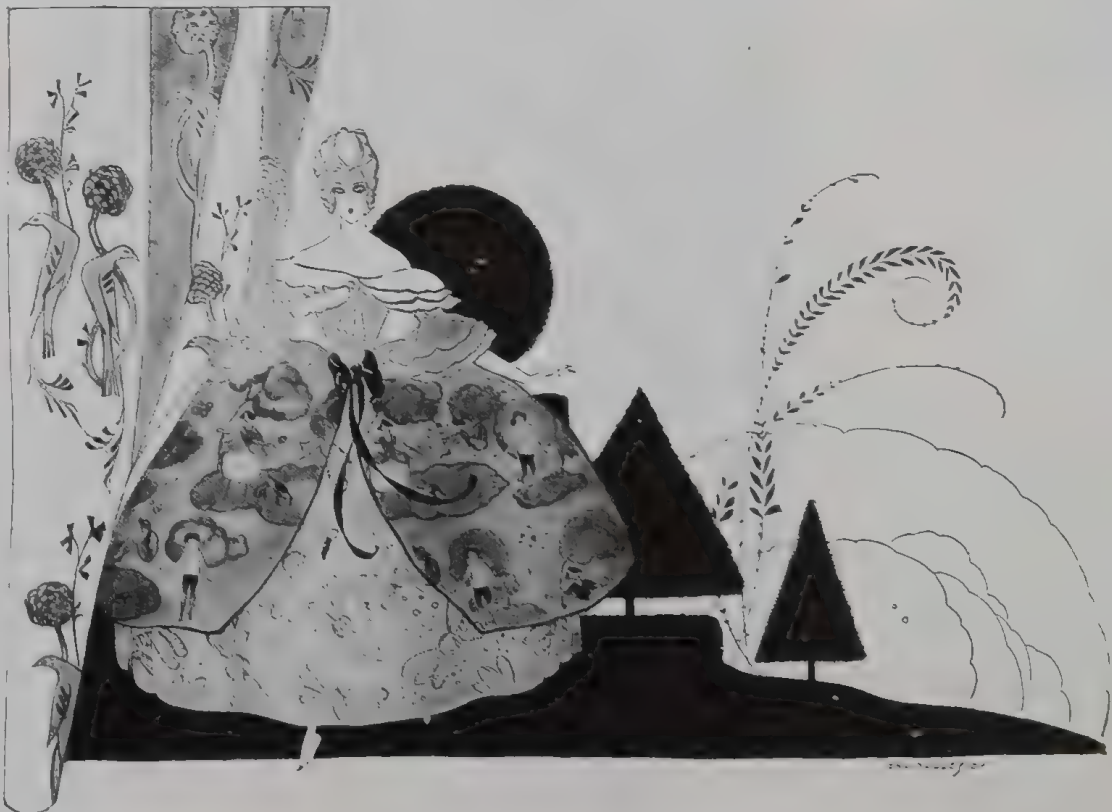
There are checked and striped velvets which recall the heavy draped modes of the eighties, especially as their colours are dark blue, dark green, brown, and the sort of wine red which was beloved of the ladies of that ornate period. Ruissella, a thin plush, is shown both plain and printed or striped with gold and silver. A great novelty is ruissella printed with designs taken from a cashmere shawl, sometimes in Paisley colourings and sometimes in black on a white ground. Nacryne de l'Inde shows a narrow border on white, and nacryne de Singapore has a wider version.

Among the metal materials—and a continued vogue for metal fabrics is expected—are found chataigne d'or and chataigne d'argent, a sort of metal fur, velour martelé, a metal plush with a pressed pattern, mousse d'or and mousse d'argent, which justify their names by looking like metal moss, frizedor, which is a striped metal velvet, voile frizedor, a coloured Georgette crêpe with a stripe of metal plush, and claudor, a crêpe with glistening gold or silver spots.

#### BIANCHINI FÉRIER'S COLLECTION

That the winter season would be one of colour, rich materials, handsome designs with much brocade, and a greater suppleness of weave than ever, is the opinion of Mr. Cockledge of Bianchini Férier, the silk house. In plain materials, he predicts a satin and crêpe Georgette season with copper and derivatives of copper as a lead-  
(Continued on page 46)

(Right) A return to "robes de style" is indicated in the heavy but supple silks of Condurier, Fructus et Descher. This new-old-fashioned lady is dressed in a brocaded petticoat of libellule with panniers of jardin de Versailles. The striped curtain with a design of birds and flowers is of brocade called sesostris







When these little moles went to market to be a cape, they decided to be very new indeed and ripple in tier after tier to the hem of the skirt. The upper part over the shoulders is a cape in itself with a deep mole collar. The lining is elaborately embroidered and outlined in galloon. The soft duvetine toque is encircled with a rolled and braided band of the material meeting a shell ornament in front; hats on these pages from Bruck-Weiss

If an evening wrap is of metal material and mysterious shape and is a series of clever draperies, besides, then it is sure to be smartly new. This one is marked with broad black and dull gold bands, and every seam has its own piping of kolinsky. Kolinsky borders the neck in a deep collar. Not to be outdone, the lining is flamingo red chiffon with metal braid and fur



Charlotte Falcklin

Natural caracul and taupe fox make a very lovely combination for a coat that wraps about the figure and is held in place by the arms—for fastening arrangements are conspicuous only by absence nowadays. There are wide kimono sleeves, and the lines of the coat taper towards the bottom. Bands of fox border the outside edges, and the collar of caracul. The hat of black hatter's plush turns abruptly from the face in front and flaunts a becoming crushed pompon of sapphire blue velvet

DECORATIONS BY CHAMBERLIN DUDDS

IN THE NEW WRAPS FOR WIN-

TER'S CHILL, FURS ARE

HELPED TO PERFECTION

BY METAL CLOTH AND SATIN





*She is very very smart, for she wears a coat combining broadtail and chinchilla this season. It is unbelted, slightly fitted, and fastened with two metal buttons. The deep chinchilla collar may be snugly buttoned or left open in a deep V, and the long tight sleeves end in turn-back cuffs of broadtail edged with chinchilla, while the skirt falls in distinct ripples. Gaura encircles the black hatter's plush turban that is worn with this costume.*



POSED BY GRACE DARLING

THE WRAPS OF THIS SEASON

ARE OF THREE CLASSES,—

FOR EVENING, AFTERNOON,

AND GENERAL DAY WEAR



*The models of evening wraps are long and a little more bright Chinese than daytime. The wrap is in the form of a circular cape and has ties on the arms at upper side, while a wide band of fur edged with two lines of fur runs down the center. This style is somewhat at odds with a collar, which is wrapped closely about the throat in some cases.*

*Let. The day wraps of this year are more of a light color than the wraps of the previous season. The wrap is in the form of a circular cape and has ties on the arms at upper side, while a wide band of fur edged with two lines of fur runs down the center. This style is somewhat at odds with a collar, which is wrapped closely about the throat in some cases.*

Charlotte Falchlid



# THE VANGUARD OF THE COMING MODE

IT is pleasant after so many seasons of straight slimness to find something really new in the way of a silhouette and, moreover, something that is especially becoming and adaptable to the American woman. For seasons past, she has accepted that short, loose, belted, and quite unadorned slip that originated from Callot's chemise frock of two years ago, a style designed for and most befitting to the Parisienne type. This fashion that appealed so strongly to the Frenchwoman has undergone a number of changes, such as the bloused back, the long overtunic (that almost met the short underskirt), and later still, the short sleeves. None of these changes, however, made this truly French silhouette suit the average American woman as it suited the Parisienne. Now, after seasons of waiting, comes a silhouette that is particularly interesting to the American woman, because its lines are admirably suited to her. This new silhouette is shown in the new coat-dress as well as in the tailored suit always so much in favour in this country. One of the most noticeable features in the new autumn suit is the fact that it is so strictly tailored. Its lines have none of the softness of recent seasons, and in some instances, there are bindings of black braid that make it even more severe.

Early in the season as it is to forecast the autumn mode, it seems clear that the strictly tailored effect with the three-quarters length coat and a skirt with circular fullness will remain with us during the

It Is Not Too Early to Forecast  
for the New Autumn Mode a Widening  
Of the Silhouette and a Severely Tailored Suit . On Louis XV Lines

season. Reminiscent of the day of Louis XV and Louis XVI, with the "nipped in" shoulder and semi-fitted waist-line, are many of these coats with coat-skirts that are full and flaring and largely pocketed at the hips. The skirts to these suits are made with more material in them, but they are still straight in line. The coats as well as the one-piece dresses

which are being shown have the familiar lines of the redingote. Cartridge plaits, as well as cleverly placed stitched tucks, take care of the fullness, thus giving the slim effect. The belted coats are giving place to coats with a semi-fitted waist-line which is unmistakably new. In general, one may say the popular length of the skirt will be medium, while the coat will be of any length below the hips.

There are no especially long gowns shown, and there are none of those excessively short effects which Paris wore and New York wondered at last season. It seems destined to be a season of great extravagance, but also one of great dignity. We shall see much less of those frocks of youthful simplicity that required the figure of sweet sixteen to wear them properly; and in their place, we shall see gowns and frocks of line and character such as are suited to the mature beauty of the woman. Evening gowns will remain without sleeves, while afternoon gowns will probably favour the short sleeves varying from above the elbow, as Paris is wearing them, to three-quarters length. The very long tight-fitting sleeve has given place to the long



Robert shows the severe tailleur subtly changed by the influence of the days of Louis XV. Thence come its curve at the waist, the outward spring of the coat-skirts, and the long fronts tending to a point; model from François



(Left) This Jenny afternoon frock now reveals a measure of arm and throat which would once have satisfied an evening gown. Though it may start with chemise lines, it will use them as a basis for widening draperies; model from Gidding



(Right) Evening gowns often keep to the slim silhouette, but almost invariably they modify it with floating panels or the shadow of a puff at the hips. They are sleeveless and short of bodice; from Mollie O'Hara





The coat-dress seems destined to succeed to the favour accorded to the one-piece frock. Notable features of this Paquin model are the panel front and the godet plaits at the sides

sleeve that is straight and loose at the wrist.

The new colours are lovely, though it can not be denied that some of them may prove difficult to wear. A beautiful shade of garnet red, in some instances spoken of as liberty red, is a leader, while a close second is a soft olive green known as okra. In one instance, this lovely shade in duvetine is used to great advantage in a tailor with a collar of fitch. The yellows of the fur blend beautifully with the green. At the moment, perhaps, the most popular shades are the golden browns. Peace grey, or dove grey, is charming, especially with shoes, stockings, and gloves to match, and with a hat in a dark colour or in black. For evening, there is nothing shown but colour. Every known colour is blended into the expensive brocades that make up the luxurious wraps, as well as the evening gowns. Brocade is much in evidence for evening, followed closely by metal cloths and gauzes. These metal cloths are by no means plain gold, silver, or copper, as one might imagine. The most delightful colours are mingled with the metal threads into shimmering bewildering masses of loveliness.

#### COAT LININGS ARE DECORATIVE

Coat linings in themselves are charming. Figured silks in most fantastic designs are among the accepted materials, while plain soft silks or silk crêpes are used in wraps, where they are bound in gilt braid and often beautifully embroidered. The inside pocket, finished like a lovely pouch, is shown in almost every wrap, for it is rarely that one of the new wraps has any outside pocket

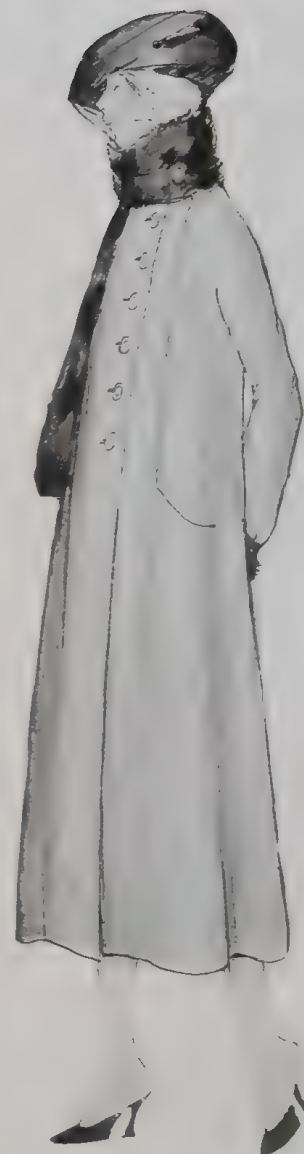
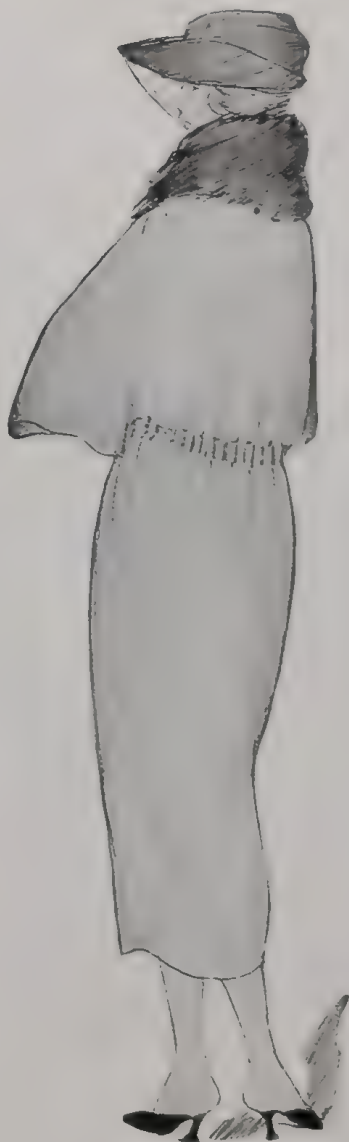
ets at all. This is also true of fastenings. The wraps have invisible fastenings or more often none at all. They are draped gracefully about the figure and held in place by the wearer.

In the matter of materials, the market is still handicapped by scarcity in France. Duvetine is used in the newest suits and coats. It is as soft and lovely as ever, with a silkiness that can not be duplicated. It is very expensive and comes in a variety of wonderful colours. Tweeds in dark plaid effects are shown in tailleurs, as well as the materials of the homespun variety in plain and heather mixtures. Twill and tricotine are used in the tailored dresses. A Lanvin frock in navy blue twill is strikingly finished with a sash of Roman striped ribbon. Brocade and metal cloths will unquestionably lead for evening, and there is still an abundance of tulle being used. An interesting feature in the season's early openings is the prominent place given to afternoon clothes. Afternoon wraps as well as afternoon dresses of the most elaborate type are shown. This, indeed, is reminiscent of pre-war days, for since the war, little attention has been paid to the gown or wrap especially designed for afternoon wear. It will be seen again this season.

#### EMBROIDERY IS LIKELY TO RETIRE

Very little trimming for autumn has made its appearance so early. The lack of elaborate embroidery is most noticeable, however. Narrow belts are used, and cartridge plaits and knife plaits, shirring in groups, flunces and panniers are shown on both afternoon and evening cos-

*(Below: It seems definitely agreed that hats have, for the moment, and their day, but many long coats, like this one, René's, are still made by means of plaits or shirring. Cape effects are also in evidence)*



One of the newest things in top-coats is an unusual one from René, in a tall red and black coat, with a wide fur collar, and a long, thin object, possibly a cane or a long glove.

tumes. Plaited ruffles in serge appear on one-piece dresses, while the actual trimming is confined to braid, buttons, and endings in silk and in braid.

In the suit from Robert, in the upper middle on page 44, plaid wool combining a black ground with white and orange lines in squares, the lines of the coat are distinctly new. The severe lines, the strictly tailored revers, the single button, the curve at the waist, and the outward spring of the coat-skirts are all characteristic of the tailleur which the smart, upward woman will wear throughout the autumn. It is also notable that the coat is longer in front than in back. The silhouette of the skirt is straight, yet slightly wider at the hips, after the new fashion.

#### THE NEW LINES IN TOP-COATS

In the sketch at the upper right on this page is a new top-coat from René. This coat hangs from the shoulders in slim graceful lines to the bottom of the skirt, and circular folds spring into prominence somewhere below the waist, for waistlines this year, while not tight, must above all things give an effect of slimmness. A stole of mole-skin fur is used at the neck, making a lovely contrast to the duvetine in crushed raspberry shade which is used in the coat. The fastening runs from the shoulder down one side, and unusual buttons of grey bone fasten the coat. If all the new and unbelted coats prove as graceful as this, there will be little doubt of the acceptance of the mode. There is no gainsaying such flattery.

(Continued on page 44)



# PARIS TASTES THE FRUITS OF VICTORY



From Cartier comes a pendant watch of black enamel and brilliants

The Parisienne Fills Her Days with  
Gaiety and Her Odd Moments with  
Thoughts of a New Silhouette, Very  
Wide at the Hips, After Velasquez

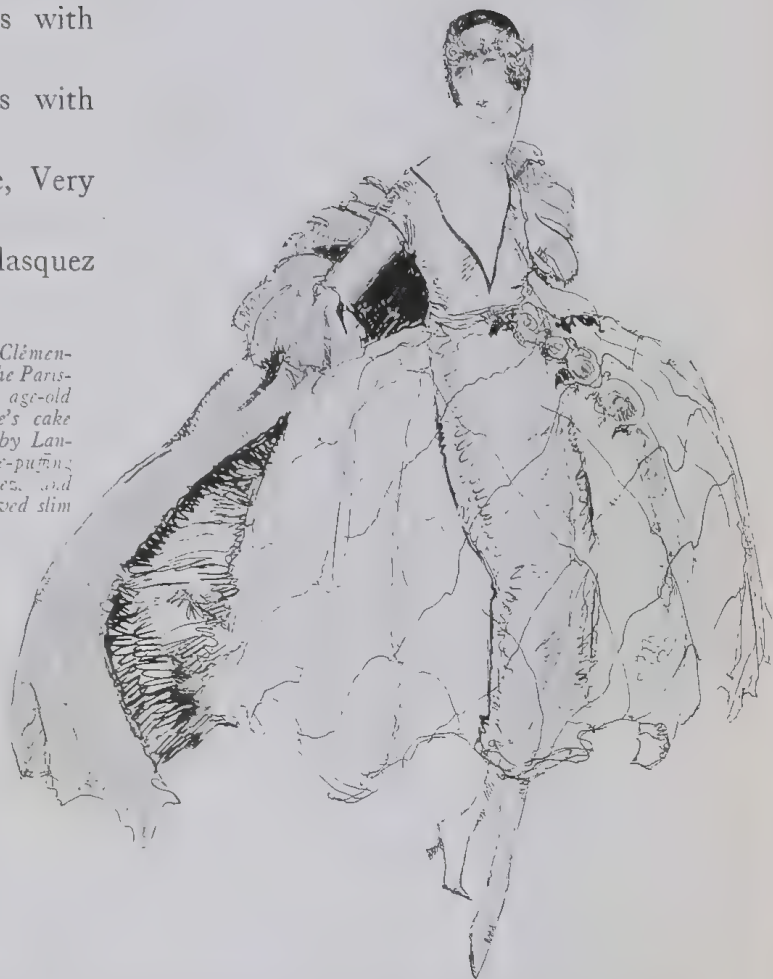
IN spite of the excitement which held all Paris in its grip during the last week before the signing of the Peace Treaty, material occupations and preoccupations claimed their share of attention. Thus it was that when the Parisienne was soberly drinking her tea and making quiet plans for the future, the first rumbling sound of the announcing cannon surprised her. How profoundly it echoed in each heart, as every gathering, united in a common object, sat in silence, feeling themselves once more enveloped in that atmosphere of peace and serenity which should make any future plans a possibility. That moment brought a realization of the immense task which lies before all those who have waited and suffered so long in the shadow of so much heroism.

## PEACE COMES TO PARIS

It seems especially fitting that it should be in this month of sunshine which is the month of all others in Paris, that Peace was returned to us in all its glory. The gardens of the beautiful houses are all in bloom; the Bois is still green, and there could be no lovelier frame for loveliness than these great shaded lawns which transform themselves into ideal settings for a summer lunch at a moment's notice. Frocks of organdie, of embroidered cotton, frocks of tulle, of light or transparent jersey, in rose, mauve, or white, especially in white, blossom with these first warm days like magnificent flowers.

The Cercle Interallié, which is now fully installed in the

Madame Jacquemaire-Clémenceau offers proof that the Parisienne has solved the age-old problem of eating one's cake and having it. Here, by Lanvin's aid, is the side-puffing silhouette of Velasquez, and here also is the long loved slim silhouette



The youthful beauty of Mlle. Peci was well suited by a Greek diadem of jewels from Cartier

great house of the Baroness Henri de Rothschild, opens its doors and the gates of its gardens on Wednesdays and Fridays to the wives and friends of its members, who gather there to sip cool things from tall glasses to the sound of an excellent orchestra. Strange to say, no one dances at the Cercle Interallié, although everywhere else youth flies

from the table, even between the courses of the dinner, for a turn of fox-trot. Indeed, indeed, the period of the armistice has been a stirring time.

Days and evenings of the social world are filled as they have rarely been; every one has three or four invitations for every day. All this will last for another month, until all the world goes away to the country, where every one is planning to make up for lost gaieties, since peace is now signed.

It is not easy to say which of the pleasures which every day now offers her, holds first place in the Parisienne's heart. Paris has always so many surprises. To-morrow, who knows what it may be? To-day, it is a children's performance of a most engaging naïveté, given before an audience so carefully selected that it gives the impression of a première at the Opéra or of a new play by Bernstein.

Recently at the Théâtre des Champs Élysées, Paul Guillaume organized an evening of negro music, and it must be admitted that Paul Guillaume is a clever impresario, for he gathered together all the artists and women of fashion in Paris who could be counted on to appreciate these varied manifestations of art. Vastly entertaining were the reconstructions of ancient and barbaric rites with emotions expressed with a violent simplicity. And they were enthusiastically received.

## HINTS OF COMING MODES

Both on the stage and in the seats, one saw well-known faces everywhere. The Countess de Ludre, wrapped in a manteau of orchid satin, gave no hint of coming modes, unless one might find one in the fact that her manteau was so long as to trail on the floor. In her hair, she wore Diana's crescent in jet. The Princess Lucien Murat, in a gown of violet gauze over a bright rose gauze, wore a manteau on Oriental lines. The Marquise de Chabannes, with characteristic originality, wore a plumed head-dress like that of the King of Spain on state occasions.

Greatly admired was Madame Paul Poiret, whose coiffure was a sensation; a band of silver covered her head entirely, and the hair was knotted very low. Unquestionably, this is an indication of the coming evening coiffures. In the same way, the very short sleeve even for daytime



de Givenchy

Lady Curzon completed a costume of silver-embroidered black panéola with a handsome scarf of silver fox



On the white tussur costume of the Baroness Maurice de Rothschild, the short cape turned to a waistcoat



wear makes us foresee the coming of shorter gloves—have no doubt of it. Reminiscent of the Second Empire are these gloves and amusing rather than pretty, but circumstances are in our favour, and we shall declare that we adopt them of necessity and not from choice—gloves are so absurdly dear.

Well, at least our short and transparent frocks are becoming a shade more reasonable, only I am afraid that they are going to gain in length as well as in width. In looking at Velasquez's Spanish infantas, I find exactly the lines which characterize the frocks in which certain women of distinction dance in the evening, frocks puffing out on the hips in voluminous folds of clear-toned taffetas, while front and back remain flat. The lovely Madame Keiller seems some exotic flower in her gown of rose taffeta with ribbons of poison green.

#### COMING WIDTHS AT THE SIDES

That which gives certainty that autumn will see a definite return to width and draperies, however, is the fact that even the simplest frocks have at the sides, falling over the hips, panels attached or floating, but always panels free from the frock itself and floating with every movement or falling in puffs in repose.

Among the frocks in the trousseau of Mademoiselle Anna Loetitia Pecci, we find again this width at the hips, even in a straight frock of black and white foulard and even on the cape of black satin lined with the foulard which accompanies this costume. On the Callot gown in two tones of grey satin, drapery predominates, always with a notable accent at the hips, to which a beautiful silver lace frill adds emphasis.

Ideal and consistent lightness characterizes a second Callot frock in the tulle known as "France." In exquisite taste is this frock, with its veiling of black tulle over a foundation skirt of blue satin with inserts of flesh coloured satin over the hips. This is the



very frock for dancing, light and charming.

Mme. Pecci is tall and of admirable presence; she did not wish exaggerated lines on her costumes. We find, however, that the straight chemise is not included in her trousseau or if we find it at all, its line is broken by panels at the sides.

Her wedding-gown was of the traditional type, a true *robe de style* such as Worth excels in designing and which is, in my opinion, the only one which the daughter of the aristocracy should wear. Monseigneur Amette, fearing without doubt lest the niece of Pope Leon XIII be influenced to undue elegance, requested Mme. Pecci not to wear the low-cut gown which is now the mode for weddings to the ceremony in the church. His Eminence should be satisfied, for the bride's gown of a wonderful white and gold velvet was made on the lines of such robes as Blanche de Castille wore.

The sketches shown on these pages and the frocks which Lanvin has designed for Mlle. Rénouardt, as well as the costumes which we saw at the races, make it clear that frocks have ceased to be in one piece and on chemise lines. Not only are we to have floating panels, but also drapery, and redingote skirts will open over elaborate apron fronts; all that is coming back again, for the despair of our bank accounts and the benefit of the mode. But who can be sorry?

#### THE CHANGING SILHOUETTE

For several seasons past, the couturiers have been trying to persuade us to change the silhouette. It is only this season, in the midst of summer, that woman has consented and has chosen definitely what she wants.

The mode will be, above all, a mode of laces, and for those who have kept the shawls of their grandmothers, I predict a coquettish use of them. For this, there are two reasons: first because our gowns are now so transparent that even in a salon we can not go without some sort of wrap, and

(Continued on page 95)



The widths to which the mode, freed suddenly from the shackles of the chemise frock, may take us, as well as the charm with which it will lull our remonstrances, is made clear in this tulle dinner gown by Callot for Mlle. Pecci



Paul O'Doye

Madame Keiller sponsors a mode which has received favour of late, a mode which the Parisienne borrowed from Velasquez. Silver lace, rose taffeta, and poison green ribbon go to the making of this Callot frock

In this Callot dinner gown from the trousseau of Mlle. Pecci, coming width at the hips is predicted by a voluminous frill of delicate silver lace which falls from the grey satin bodice over draperies



Among those women of distinction who decide the fate of modes, the autumn mode is still in the balance. In this Callot frock, Madame Bernard de Mier refuses to forsake grace of clinging lines



POIRET, RETURNING AFTER FIVE YEARS SOL-

DIERING, BRINGS AN EASTERN INSPIRATION



POIRET

It was more than time that somebody stirred the mode from the stagnancy of the simple dark coloured chemise gown,—such, fortunately, was the idea of Poiret who, before reopening his salons de couture, spent some time in Morocco and Algeria. Hence the warm coloured wizardry of this daytime model of sand coloured gabardine, embroidered in Arab motifs of brown, sashed with scarlet crêpe, and blowing with wide sleeves lined with the same bright colour beloved of the nomad horsemen



POIRET

Characteristic of the subtleness of this designer and of his incredible originality is this black velvet cape cut in a great oblong across the body. It was brilliancy of colour that challenged his talent in the north of Africa, and so he lined this wrap with supple lamé of gold striped with black and gold, rolling the cape over in front to show the lining. Newest of all is the great collar of gold metal fur from Rodier, bright as the Golden Fleece. The season can not bring enough cape collars



BRUNELLESCI

POIRET

It took the supple imagination of Poiret to draw on the ancient dress of a Japanese warrior for this gown of scarlet charmeuse with its widely cut skirt lapping over in the front and daring to go into trousers. Kimono sleeves are lined with gold brocade and a revers of brocade runs around the bodice



PARIS DIVERTS IT-

SELF NOTABLY WITH A

CHARITY AUCTION SALE

AT THE HÔTEL MURAT



Most of social Paris and a little of New York came out to the Charity Auction at the Hôtel Murat—the first Paris residence of President Wilson—to buy or to sell, to chat at buffet or booths, to visit the tea-tables scattered about the park in the glorious sunshine and presided over by women of fashion. At the foot of the steps is the Princess de Croy in a gown of black satin veiled with white linen



Blue-bloused over a black skirt, blue-hatted with a blue and black plume, Madame Pastré was a fair vender of cushions



Under the hammer of M. Max Dearly, assisted by M. André de Fiqueras, the auctioneer, the popular and much-loved Marshal Poincaré was sold for a great price



The white-trimmed Marquise de Polignac is seated comfortably at the foot of the steps upon her cushions



Under the great trees, in the park of the Hôtel Murat, Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt had tea with Mrs. C. W. Hatch and Miss de Wolfe



Late in the day came Madame Georges Menier, wearing a gown of black mousseline de soie relieved only by a jade necklace





The luxurious wrap to which the French mind is taking a fancy just now may be subdued in tone,—like this one *Georgette* has made of black duvetine lined with grey silk. But it may be much more than that, for into the cape-like sleeves and circular tiers, she has cut much elegance, as well, and then tied it in safety with those long grey silk cords that hold the grey squirrel collar to one's neck so snugly. Of the royal purple velvet wrap with the graceful shoulders, next to it, black and white are wholly incapable of giving more than a pallid suggestion

Skunk fur bands the bottom of the *Jenny* wrap worn by the lady of the lofty hat, and nestles about her neck when she ties the purple cords in front. When she walks, the full overcap, which are attached at the bottom, blow out in a charming way. It takes one small Parisian hand to hold the unfastened wrap beside it—because *Arviotty* made it that way—and one should also note the delightful shoulders and the close shirring at the ankles. It is squirrel grey to match the fur of the collar, and is of that new, heavy, satiny material called *fulgurante*

PARIS WELCOMES ANEW THE AFTERNOON WRAP OF SUMPTUOUS  
MATERIALS AGAIN IN FAVOUR AFTER A LONG LONG BANISHMENT





Bullox (left) knows that the desire of sapphire blue velvet is to be made into an evening wrap which can cling to lovely shoulders and fall in gleaming folds at the bottom to be caught up gracefully on one side. And when sable and dull-toned brocade band themselves together to adorn it and ties of metal and blue silk cording attend to the matter of fastening, there is nothing more to be desired. Paris has bested her favour upon brocade, (middle) which, to retain the regard of that capricious mistress, is becoming more elaborate and more costly than ever.

Paquin has used brocade for this wonderful wrap (middle) which has a look and flowing folds, and a wide collar catches a glimpse of the softest of kelly blue alternating with patches of the palest green just as if these were the living. A kelly blue over the neck and under the wrap is next. Given an extra touch with a low burst of (right) with a more, dull red for a lining. Paquin simply had to make this wrap on Russian lines. The effect of sumptuousness is carried out in the finish use of rich-toned embroidery and a rich fur similar to kelly blue.

THESE LUXURIOUS EVENING WRAPS MAKE SWEEPING STATEMENTS

IN REGARD TO THE MODE DECREED BY THEIR FRENCH MAKERS



## THE NEW FRENCH HATS

## USE WAVING PLUMES AND

## RICH CLOTH IN ABUNDANCE

HATS FROM PEGGY HOYT

POSED BY MARTHA MANSFIELD

(Below) *Georgette* is altogether too deeply versed in feminine attainments, for the fashionistic, coloured tulle, in original shape, gives it an upward sweep and a downward curve with two rows of parallel, for width and richness, then, light, the hat which may be the final crowning charm to any costume. The wrap is of baby and collared with sable.



Nobody who cherishes a secret desire to become a bandit will be able to resist this affair of nasturtium coloured taffeta in bronze, gold, and silver stripes, in just the way a modish bandit would like and which is, even to the two gold rings in the knot at the side, suggestive of the dashing headgear of an outlaw. Likewise, a bandit, as one sees, should always wrap herself in a seal-skin mantle collared and banded with mink.

(Below) Tip-tilted like flower petals is the wide taffeta plaiting which makes the brim for a crown of panne velvet, and for every bit of it, Evelyn Varon chose the new shade called ember, which, if one may continue to be figurative, reflects all the ruddy glow of a subsiding fire. No less flattering to its wearer is the wrap of broadtail sable with graceful and slender lines.







*It needed only a hint of the Orient to complete the luxury of this wrap and plumes of paradise, so the turban of dark cloth of gold was embroidered in black silk and iridescent metal threads in an intricate Persian design. The broadtail coat is cut with kimono sleeves and has a voluminous sable collar to accentuate its beauty.*

HATS FROM  
PEGGY HOYT



*Louis made this hat of black velvet and set it as a decoration as a toque in the same style. It is the hat, ornamental cock's feathers make their own and a small decoration seen in French picture. The silver fox is a new and rich, but it was recently seen on a small picture of a hat near the artist.*



*To see this Maria Guy hat of black caracul silk worn with a smart fur coat is to wish that winter would straightway bring its coldest weather. There are folds of reseda green velvet that softly encircle the hat, and the two graceful ornaments of cock's feathers are brilliant and iridescent green. The mole coat has collars and cuffs of grey chinchilla squirrel.*



Alfred Cheney Johnston

*It is unmistakably a torador's small hat, but Evelyn Faxon has made it of black silk beaver, and it has decided dash and chic for the youthful looking woman. Quite its best point is the tinselled banding of ostrich which contains all the new shades of season in its variegated colours,—nasturtium, thistle, flamingo, veined jade, orange, bronze and coq d'or.*



# VARIETY IS *the* SPICE of the NEW FRENCH TRIMMINGS

FABRICS FROM RODIER

A LONG time before the first dazzling gowns of the season are trailed by the manikins through the bright salons of the modistes, another event, less blazed abroad but none the less important, has already come to pass. That is, the newest materials and trimmings have been decided upon. For the mode, of course, is dependent upon just what fabrics are to be used. Materials are the destiny of fashion. If, as in the present season, soft gracious things like duvetine are held in high favour, it stands to reason that the general trend of the autumn gowns will be toward lines that flow and drape and cling. And if the wielders of fate bring forth from their looms fabrics rich with colour and shining threads, one can predict, safely enough, a bright abandon to gorgeous apparel of every description. Gold and silver metal thread seems destined to shine socially this season. It is combined with every possible material in every possible way. On the whole, from the display of lovely trimmings, one feels sure that the gowns will be no less lovely.

## THE NEW FRENCH TRIMMINGS

The Rodier collection of trimmings for the winter season of 1919-1920 is a very large one and, as this article is written, is still too new for the novelities to have received names. For the purpose of description, it may be divided into the classification of knitted bands of various widths and stitches, braids of metal, wool, and silk, embroidered bands on astarté (cachemire de soie) or panécla (panne velvet), printed bands on djersador, and bordered materials. The knitted bands range in width from one inch to about a foot, and come in silk, wool, and metal or in various combinations of these materials. They are found in close mesh and in many varieties of open and knotted meshes, often with inch-wide uncut fringe as a border.

Warm reds, bright blues, emerald greens, and henna browns are among the various colours in which they are shown. Combinations of red and green, green and blue, and green and red, with black and gold and silver, are frequent. The colours are arranged in stripes or in alternating squares. Some of the bands are plain coloured, many more are variegated, while alternating squares of silk and metal are popular. One is a wide open-meshed blue band bordered by an inch-wide band of bright close-meshed green silk. Some of the bands are in silk with an uncut

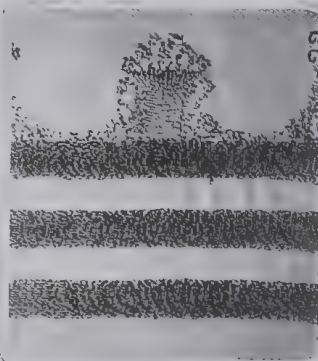
fringe of another colour or of metal and are embroidered in a third colour. Very wide bands of open-knotted mesh in silk are suggested for sweaters. This same mesh is seen in wool and in all-metal threads; these are distinct novelties.

## BRILLIANT BRAIDS

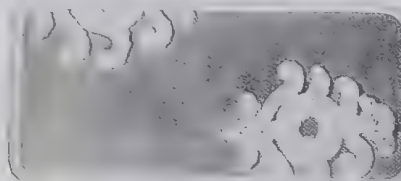
Among the braids, the finely woven metal ribbon interspersed with threads of bright silk, which had a great success last year, is repeated this season with the silk threads along one side for a novelty. This ribbon, like many of the trimmings, will be used in millinery as well as for belts and other decorative bits of apparel. There are woollen braids with a plain ground, such as a bright blue, embroidered in squares of a bright colour alternating with gold or silver. A striking woollen braid has the popular *giore*, or frosted effect, in silver, exactly like the frost patterns on a window pane. Sometimes wide silk braids in colours are embroidered with large flat gold roses, and magnificent five-inch gold and silver braids have a large round spot of mousse d'argent, or metal plush, at intervals. Very wide borders of metal plush have a pattern of woollen flowers in red, blue, and black at the edge. There are also narrow guimpes of coloured silk and wool, of metal, and of mixtures of the two. These last will certainly be seen on hats.

Bands of astarté are sometimes amusingly embroidered with gold and silver animals, and bands of panécla embellished with woollen and metal embroidery in such unusual colour combinations as purple and yellow ochre combined with silver. The printed bands of djersador are brilliant in colouring and amusing in design.

Bordered materials in dress widths are shown among the trimmings. For example, a fine blue serge has three spaced bands of black silk jersey an inch in width with embroidery between them. Another serge has a border of fluffy black silk embroidery in scroll pattern, and there are duvetines with an elaborately embroidered border in a darker shade, such as brown or tan and deep red on cardinal. Jerseys show inch-wide rows of uncut fringe at intervals of about ten inches, that give the effect of having been put on by hand. The fringes deserve a chapter to themselves. Among other materials in dress widths in this collection are duvetines and astartés with a large isolated figure in plush or metal scattered at regular intervals over their surface. Embroidered motifs for pockets and vestees are also seen.



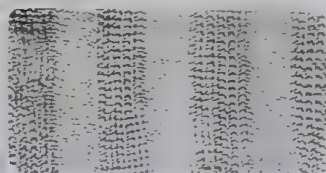
Bordered material of fine blue serge has a design and bands of black silk jersey



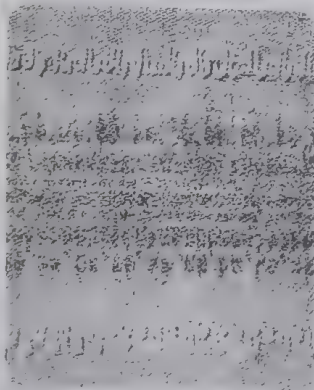
More than velvet is a navy blue duvetine embroidered in silver metal



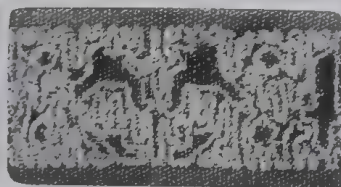
Silk and metal cloth are knitted into a striking band of gold and purple and red



Alternating squares of French blue silk and wool combine in this very effective knitted band

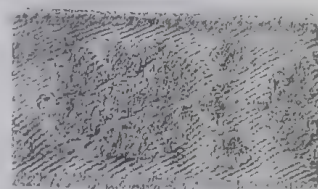


Strips of metal and cerise coloured silk are knitted in an open-knot mesh appropriate for sweaters

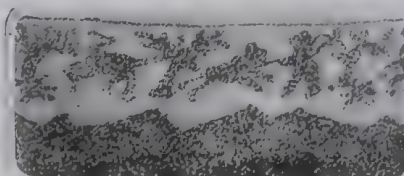


A band of black wool, metal-embroidered, has narrow edges of green

This blue woollen braid has the popular "giore", or frosted effect, in silver like the patterns on a window-pane



Cerise silk in a wide band has rosework with petals of bright silver metal



Astarté may be amusingly embroidered with silver animals

Delicate frost-work of silver is sprayed as an edging on a blue woollen band



Silk jerseys show rows of uncut fringe like hand-work





*Fragile little threads  
they are and evanes-  
cent little laces, but  
underneath their  
cobweb charm, one  
can be saucy at tea,  
wicked at dinner,  
and simply angelic  
when very fast asleep*



## OLD-WORLD ARTISTS AT A WORLD-OLD ART

The Fates Who Spin the Destinies in Many

A Cosmopolitan Drama Are the Humble Lace-

Makers of France, And Their Name Is Legion

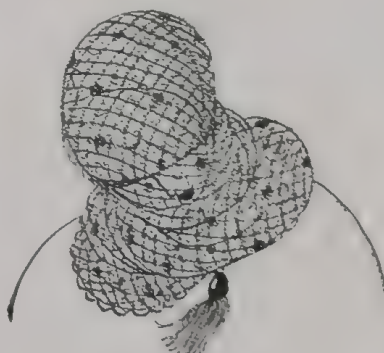
**I**S it not absurd, does it not seem impossible, that it is our peasant women, accustomed to the hardest kind of toil, whose work-hardened fingers weave for us the most delicate and the most subtle of all feminine apparel? Nevertheless, it is these very women who, in our old French villages, ply the needle and create for us those spider-web enhancements, while at the same time they watch the soup-kettle and care for the little ones. Gerard d'Houville has well expressed the idea in the following lines:

"Women have known for ages the art of plying the needle. Their little hands have for so many centuries twisted the flax and held the distaff! Ah, the spinning-wheels, the old spinning-wheels, on which were spun day after day the threads of their destiny. Ah, the threads which made of each one, however ignorant, a sort of mysterious little Fate."

### SKILFUL FRENCH FINGERS

They have continued their lace-making. Not even during the war have they stopped, in the Vosages, in Haute Savoie, for our great dealers in lace have held to their airy merchandise. General Gallieni, so able an administrator, came to M. Marescot, President of the Chamber of Laces, and asked him to give him work for five thousand women at Madagascar, whom he wished to employ at some useful work. Wonders have been

*She is grey and old,  
this patient grand-  
mère, but her fingers  
fly at their fairy tale  
of making Jacquemine  
and Nanette, in the  
far-away French  
capital, beautiful*



*The spider in this web of  
delicate silken threads has  
only to lift her eyes, and  
one wouldn't dream of es-  
caping*

*Who knows what dreams  
that never can come true  
are woven above these  
quaint little pillows where  
laces become such dainty  
realities?*

accomplished in the making of Cluny, Venetian, and the laces known as half-real. Irish lace, once made only in the isle where it originated, is now woven also in France, thanks to the efforts of M. Marescot, who studied the making fifteen years ago in the convents of Ireland and brought back to the French peasant women the proper threads and crochet-hooks.

Who would not feel a double reason for wishing for a revival of laces? Like fans, they are the garments well suited to women. Besides, the making of these fragile masterpieces affords a livelihood to the mothers of our sailors and our peasants, those who have paid most heavily for this war. It is easy to understand why, now that women dress with elegance again, they give so great a preference to lace. Both at the races and at evening affairs, lace appears in the costume.

### FAVOURITE LACES

Chantilly, appliqué, metal thread, and the so-called Russian laces, all are in favour, and with these is used a new lace-like fabric, tulle, hand-embroidered in colours or in metal thread. The designs are sometimes conventional or Oriental on craquéle tulle. They are even making again the gazoline de Lyon in colours and metal thread, which is used not only for gowns, but for curtains.

Braids embroidered in a metallic vegetable silk have cleverly and successfully replaced the bands of pearls. These, of course, are in addition to the familiar real laces which are also in high favour, such as filet and the heavy black silk Cluny.







Baron de Meyer

### MRS. WILLIAM PAYNE THOMPSON

*Mrs. William Payne Thompson, who is the daughter of the late Atherton Blight, has received the medal of Queen Elizabeth from the Belgian Government. She was president in the United States of the branch committee of the National Allied Relief Committee in charge of the Belgian prisoners of war in Germany*

*King Albert was honorary President of the organization which had headquarters during the war at Havre. In London, Lady Lowther, the sister of Mrs. Thompson, was president of the British branch. As an artist, Mrs. Thompson has much ability and has recently exhibited her paintings in well-known galleries in New York*



# NEW THINGS *and* OLD in the LAND of the ALHAMBRA

By SHERRIL SCHELL

A LONG time ago, some-one, speaking wittily of Brussels, said that the best point about the celebrated town lay in the fact that it made one dream of Paris. The same gibe has been flung at Madrid, with less accuracy, it must be confessed, for in spite of its French veneer, the capital retains an individuality and tang all its own. In Spain, one does not dream of Paris or of Europe. Even though one may be domiciled at the Ritz in Madrid or in some luxurious Barcelona hotel, one's fancy, if at all wayward, beckons rather to the domes and minarets of the East or of Barbary, for here the very air is redolent of oasis and of desert.

Somehow the tourist, once he has crossed the Pyrenees, feels that he has left Europe and all the modern world far behind and that he has set foot upon another continent. This impression gradually deepens as he wanders down through the Basque country towards Castile—a feeling of strangeness more keenly sharp than is experienced by a first entrance into any of the countries to the North.

Indeed, one feels as though Europe had disappeared altogether and as though a new world were unfolding itself, a world that whispers of Asia Minor or of the dark mysterious Africa to the southward. There is nothing which suggests Europe in the dreary waste of the central plateau stretching along to the barren grotesque peaks which guard Andalusia, and in that vast garden of oranges and pomegranates, one would swear that Bagdad were nearer than Paris.

## WHEN SPAIN TOUCHED AFRICA

Geologists claim that Spain was once actually joined to Africa. From Africa, too, came the great mass of the population, which, fused with the Celts, the Phenicians, the Greeks, Romans, and Goths, created the Spaniard of our day. In southern Spain, this strain is more noticeable in the dark-eyed volatile people of Andalusia, Granada, and Murcia, but it persists to a palpable extent in Castile and Aragon and, in fact, throughout the whole of Iberia.

Of all the peoples who have overrun the peninsula, the Moors have left the strongest impress, not only on the architecture, but on the character of the inhabitants. Everywhere throughout the land, we are forced to recall them,—with ad-

*The placid shadows of the trees lie as quietly on the smooth white courtyard as the undying mysticism of the past lies in the great mosque at Cordoba, part of which appears here*



*It is such nooks as the Fountain of Carros in Granada that make one long to sleep again with that romantic and quiet company of long ago, and their proud Spanish walls, for a little longer.*



miration at Cadiz, Murcia, and Toledo, with amazement at Seville, Cordoba, and Granada. No dreams of El Hammed could have been more enchanting than the miracle of the Alhambra, lovelier to-day in its decaying grandeur, perhaps, than in the time of Irvine's Linderava. Said the founders of Cordoba's Mosque, "Let us rear a temple which shall surpass that of Bagdad, of Damascus, and of Jerusalem, a temple which shall become the Mecca of the West." And a thing in the world has ever been like its pillars, of alabaster, porphyry, and jasper, so many as to outlast as the trees of a forest.

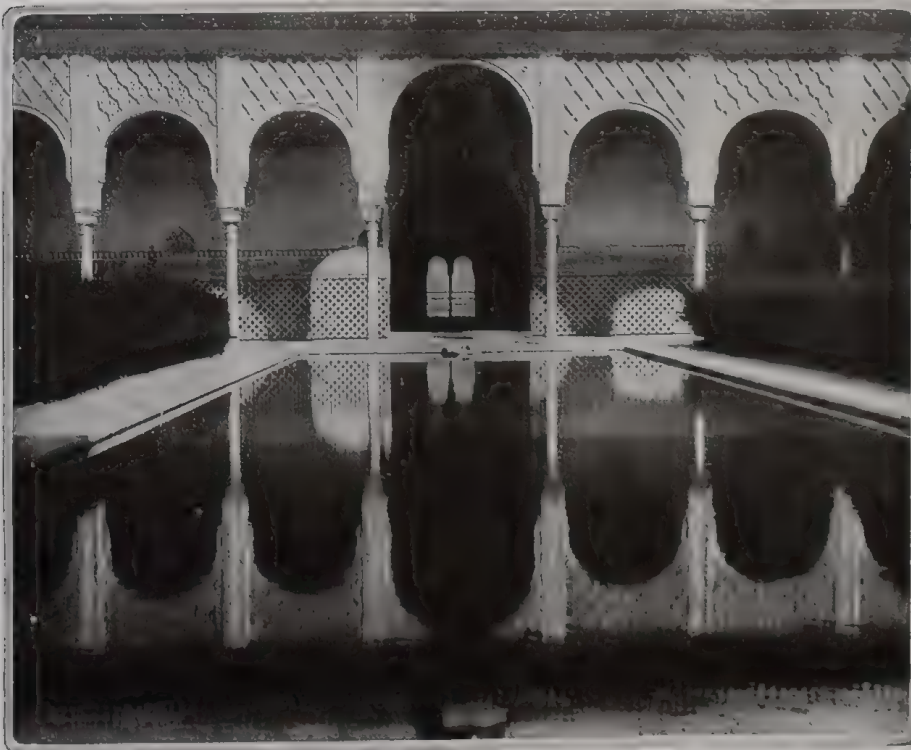
## THE EAST MADE VIVID

The old saying that "an Englishman's house is his castle," could be more happily applied to the case of the Spaniard, for aside from the real structure, the mode of living which goes on therein is more reminiscent of feudal days than in the dwellings in any part of western Europe. Indeed, in many places throughout the country where the inhabitants are still in possession of the ancient homesteads, the routine of life is to all intents and purposes the same as it was in the Middle Ages. It is the spectacle of the past existing with so much vividness and color at the side of the present which constitutes to such a great degree the allurements of Spain. The contrast is particularly startling to the traveller when he leaves Madrid or Barcelona and goes only a short distance into the country. The peasant, for the most part, lives in a house that for comfort or convenience is no improvement on that of his ancestors of a hundred years or more ago. He tills his soil with the crooked stick of the Bible, winnows his grain in the manner of the same era, and carries it to a mill modelled on the most patriarchal plan.

An interesting and novel sight is afforded every year by the nomadic shepherds, who, with their dogs and their flocks, leave the high plains of Castile at the approach of winter for the milder regions to the south. Sometimes, as many as a hundred men and about as many dogs conduct

(Continued on page 62)

*Inside the Alhambra, beside sleeping pools and among arches and pillars of jasper and porphyry, one almost hears again the silver footsteps of those moorish princesses*







Top photograph by Paul T. H. 1934

*Battle the good, Puck, in reality Miss Dorothy Iselin, dances in the midst of the group, who outside of fairies are themselves interesting young social beings.*

FOR CHARITY, SPRITES

DANCED ON THE GREEN,

AND SOUTHERN SOCIETY

PLAYED OUT-OF-DOORS



*This charming outdoor pageant entitled "Children of the Bard" was arranged by James Metcalfe and given for the District Nurse Association of Westchester County.*

*(Below) These happy milkmaids, whose every day names are Miss Thérèse Strother, Miss Katharine Phelps, and Miss Elise Emery, are doing their best for the Free Milk for France Fund at the Fête Champêtre, given by a group of Baltimore society women with Miss L. W. Newlin as chairman.*

*Sarah Williams, Eleanor Iselin, Adele Merrill, and Virginia Richardson are watched at Girdle Ridge, the William Fahnestock estate, Katonah, by a nymph, Katherine Lapsley; dances arranged by Miss Katherine Lee Grable and Miss Evelyn Hubbell, Castle School.*



© Bachrach

*During the Fête Champêtre, held at "Chetolah," the home of Mrs. T. Nelson Strother at Ruxton, Maryland, this airy booth was an attraction to those who can never, not even in old age, resist a balloon. The guardian genius was Miss Virginia Page, at the right, and Mrs. W. Howard Hamilton assisted her.*



© Bachrach



## NEWPORT GAILY PRESENTS ITS

PROPER MIXTURE OF SUMMER,

SEASHORE, AND SOCIETY



(Below) The pilot at the wheel of the right good ship is Miss Elizabeth Sands, and the passengers are Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt and Mrs. John W. Vanamaker, junior



Six photographs © by Underwood &amp; Underwood

Among the guests who are luxuriating in sea air and sunshine at Newport are Mrs. King Carley and Mrs. Oliver Perin

Under the shelter of our pavilion, Mrs. James B. Kilder and Mrs. Rogers Benjamin Pratt enjoy the salt breezes



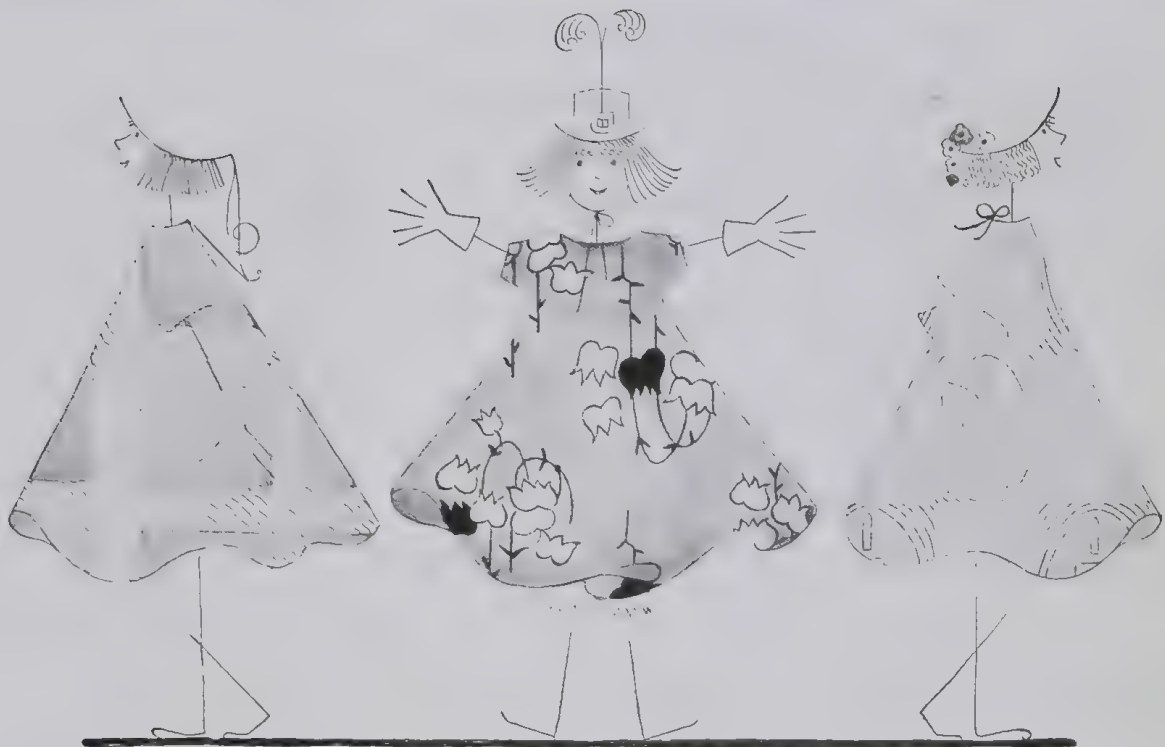
At the left of the picture is Mrs. George D. Wadsworth, of Portland, the small person in the picture is her daughter, Miss Diana Dade, and Mr. Wadsworth is attending to her



Miss Fifi Wilcox, the daughter of Mrs. Joseph E. Wilcox, of Portland, is standing at the entrance to the Newport Inn

Whether on business or on pleasure here, here is Mrs. Craig Birrell, of Portland, evidently en route to some smart seaside activity





*These stiff ladies are wearing some interesting novelties in silks. The profile on the left is fond of black Georgette crêpe plaided in silver, the giddy full-face person with esthetic arms likes a radium silk of taupe with coloured flowers, while the profile at the right insists upon rose radium silk*

## SILKS THAT TEASE *the* COLOUR *from the* RAINBOW

ONE of the surpassing wonders of the world is colour.

Like imagination, it touches the commonplace things of life, and they are transformed into inexplicable beauty. Under its touch, a wooden footstool becomes an object of rare loveliness, and a pile of stones and mortar becomes the fair dwelling of a poet's fancy. Colour is inalienably associated with light.

Where one is to be found, there also is the other. Never is there a night so dark but that it holds to the seeing eye an abundance of colour; in the human mind, there is something that denies the existence of a void so black as to be impenetrable to it. It touches all things in its swift search.

### THE IMPORTANCE OF COLOUR

Age but adds to the beauty of good colour. There is no colour so exquisite as the colour of old things,—old paintings and buildings, old potteries and textures. Every year which sweeps over the surface of a Rembrandt blends into a mellower harmony its ivory flesh tones and the rich splendour of its dull blues and reds and browns. Time lays an enriching hand upon the brocades of old Venice and fingers tenderly the potteries of ancient Persia for sheer joy in their exquisite blue.

Colour is infinitely expressive. Every shade has a deep and subtle significance, every tonality bespeaks some delicate nuance of feeling or thought. There are the vivid colours, strong and impetuous, but true. These are the colours of elemental appeal, the colours which one finds used by the less developed peoples, the colours which as a rule are given to the first things of any kind which are made. As the sense of beauty develops, it begins to find loveliness in shadow and in the delicacy of elusiveness, and this process is usually accompanied by greater facility of production so that in things to wear and use, quality and subtlety of colouring come hand in hand.

Such has been the case in the making of American materials. With the improvement

American Looms, Growing Finer as to Fabric,

Grow More Subtle as to Colour, and, in Many

Cases, Show a Lustrous Old-World Cleverness

of the quality of the stuffs that are woven has come greater beauty and subtlety of colouring. The plain materials which have come from the American mills this season show a nice sense of colour, though in the patterned stuffs, the results have been less happy. Colours in wool stuffs are exquisite, deep rich tonalities that suggest old paintings. In brown, which bids fair to be the prevalent colour of the mode, there is a series of beautiful tones ranging from antelope to a very dark brown with pink lights in it which is most inaccurately called cordovan. Beaver and mocha are other good shades, and there is a brown called faisan which, as the name suggests, is a pheasant tone. Madera brown, which is just a bit colder than the cordovan, is likely to be one of the most popular colours of the season, and moose, a brown with more grey in it, is another popular tone. Pompeian red, which is exactly what the name suggests, and dragonfly blue, which is a soft

greyed peacock tone, are shades which have been quite widely adopted for both coats and suits.

In silks, almost all dark colours are finding acceptance. Taupe and chinchilla shades are being fashioned into daytime clothes, as are dark navy blues, plum shades, and dark red. Among the tones which are being selected for evening clothes are bright blue, jade, mauve, and

orchid tones. Turquoise is another shade that is making a strong bid for popularity; soft silvery grey and a soft orange are very lovely, too.

### SOFT WOOLS RETAIN FIRST PLACE

Soft wool materials of the duvetine and velours families still hold first place among wool materials. Peach-bloom, which is made by mills in Passaic, New Jersey, is a material of this family which rivals in quality the finest of French wool stuffs. This, for autumn, is in a very beautiful range of fashionable colourings. Fleur de laine and vellouise are similar materials of very wonderful quality, and marvella, velangora, and bokhara are soft-surfaced cachemire materials from the same mill, which have a perceptible diagonal weave. These mills, which are famous for their cachemire coatings, have outdone themselves this year in the production of beautiful colourings.

Tricofina, piquette, and florenza are three new suitings from this house which are recommended by their superior fineness and silky appearance. All of these materials are made with twisted yarn, giving them the harder surface associated in the average mind with serges and twills.

From another mill comes travel cloth, a very interesting coating flecked with colour all over its surface. This may be had in a particularly delightful combination of grey, old blue, and leaf green. From this mill, also, comes chukka cloth, a novelty coating to be had in an interesting range of colours, among which a most attractive jade green recommends itself for sports wear. Of perennial interest is the camel's hair coating woven by this house. It is one of the



*Prettily named, Cinderella prints resemble radium silks in character, and most of them have a background of some solid shade patterned over with a design in one or more colours*





(Left) Pussy-willow taf-feta, dear to the heart of puffs and drapery, scatters little bouquets of jade, orange, mauve, and blue over a soft yellow field

(Right) Hand-blocked pussy-willow satin may accomplish miracles in the way of a gown by scattering great black leaves over a rose tulle



most beautiful materials of which this or any other country may boast. Every thread of this stuff is made of undyed camel's hair, and it wears and wears and wears. Since neither dust nor rain injures it, it is ideal for motor coats and for general sports service.

Some of the new plain silks are very beautiful in weave and colouring, and here and there, one finds among the patterned stuffs an interesting design. Among the novelties of the season are the materials sketched in the fanciful drawings shown in connection with this article. In the sketch at the top of page 60, the figure at the left wears a new plaided Georgetowne crêpe. The ground, in this instance, is black, and the over plaid is of silver silk diagonally ribbed in a very interesting manner. In the middle and at the right are two new radium silks which, like this plaided material, are made by the Duplan Silk Company. The silk in the middle is of taupe colour, and the little flowers are in blue and cerise with black leaves, while the silk at the right is rose coloured and has a self-tone pattern.

#### CHARMING DESIGNS

Somewhat similar in character to this radium are the Cinderella prints made by another house. These are pictured in the sketch at the bottom of page 60. The one at the left has a navy blue ground with a white and tan design, that at the right has a taupe ground with white and violet patterns, and the middle circle shows a very lovely bit of satin foulard which has a dull blue ground patterned in mauve, green, and plum.

The new silk weaves show a richness of material strikingly combined with interesting patterns. Two attractive new patterns in pussy-willow taf-feta are shown in the sketches at the top of this page. The silk at the left is soft yellow with little bouquets in jade, orange, mauve, and blue held together by the merest outline of leaves in tin-

black dots. In the sketch at the right is shown a hand-blocked pussy-willow satin which has great black leaves scattered over a rose coloured surface. Hand-blocked pussy-willow satins are new this season and show some very interesting new designs. Jacquard pussy-willow satin is another novelty of the mode which has the practi-

cability of the time-honoured pussy-willow combined with interesting variety of effect. Pussy-willow crêpe meteor is a very soft new crêpe meteor of excellent quality. This house also shows an entirely new material called dream-mist, which is a sheer semilustrous crêpe-like stuff that drapes gracefully. Whippoorwill is another sheer stuff of lustrous surface with a fine rib in it. It is particularly lovely in white because of the shadows which give it depth and quality. Chinchilla satin is a heavy crêpe satin which offers many suggestions for rich costumes.

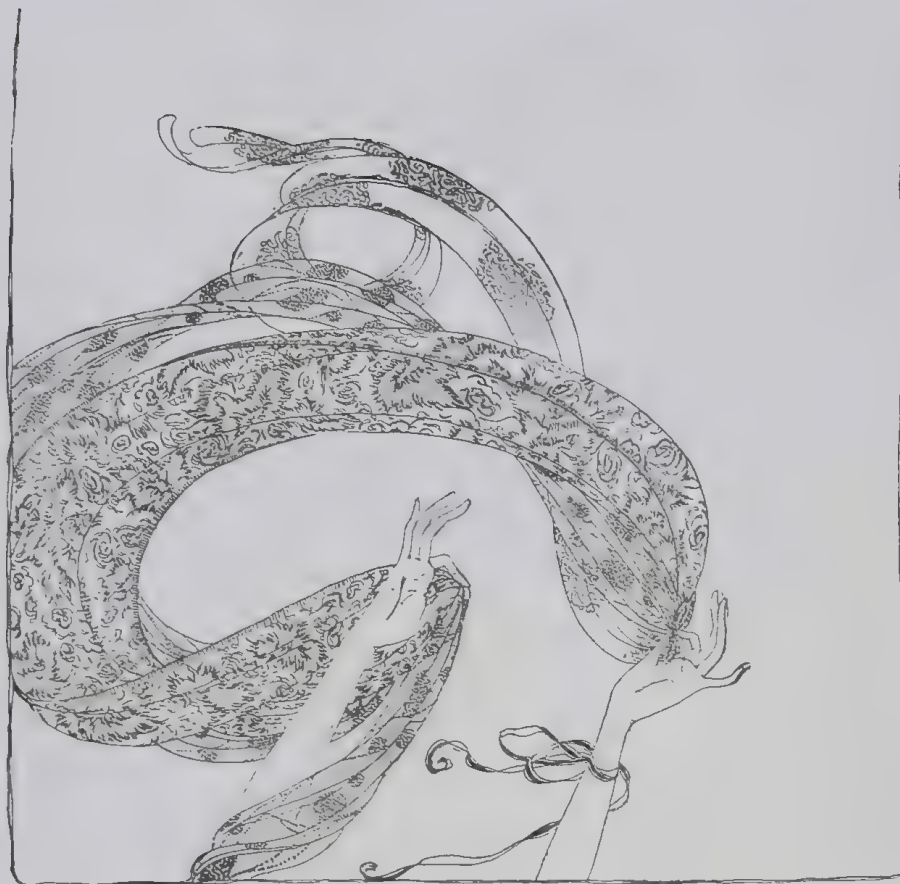
#### SILKS FOR EVENING

In the sketch at the bottom of this page are three very lovely silks from another house. That at the right is called moon-glo caufre. It is illustrated in peach colour which is especially interesting because of the softness of the shade which emphasizes the soft moiré surface of the material. Moon-glo meteor to match exactly the shade of the caufre may also be had, and these two materials can be most delightfully combined. In the middle of this sketch is shown a new silk brocade with a black ground patterned in silver. For evening coats and for the lining of handsome wraps, a brocade of this kind affords excellent possibilities.



Fan-Ta-Si silk (left) uses its magic in a droll combination of blue and taupe; particularly adapted to the lining of evening wraps is a brocade of black and silver (middle); peach coloured moon-glo-caufre (right) emphasizes a soft moiré surface





Brocades and printed fabrics are promised a successful season. Kitten's ear brocade in many shades (top), paulette chiffon (middle), and a gold and silver brocade are all American made

## MATERIAL SIDES OF THE MOST IDEAL COSTUME

AMONG the new fall and winter materials which are being used for suits, top-coats and millinery—for many of the new hats are made of woollen stuffs—is kordovan duvetine, a velvety texture and a light-weight fabric with a peach-like bloom. It may be had in the same indescribably lovely colourings that also mark gloveskin duvetine, which, while not new this season, enjoys as great a vogue as ever.

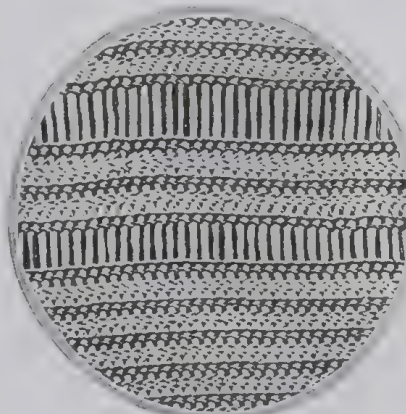
### FABRICS FLY AUTUMN COLOURS

Among the new colours are chaudron, a warm tan shade, minaret, a rich shade between a terracotta and a deep red, mandarine, a golden brown, and chestnut brown, which is just what its name implies. Twilight blue is an especially lovely colour in this soft wool stuff. Because it is a medium shade, neither light nor dark, it is vastly becoming. Bleu France, a dark French blue, promises to be one of the successful tones of the season. French blue has gradually become one of the staple colours. So many women have found it extremely becoming that they have given it a permanent place in their wardrobes, and every effort has been made this season by the manufacturers of wool materials and silks, ribbons, buttons, and all the little things that go to make gowns, to meet the demand for this shade of blue. Chinchilla, a warm grey, is another shade which promises to be much used for autumn wear, but when cold weather is really here, brown will undoubtedly be the colour of the mode.

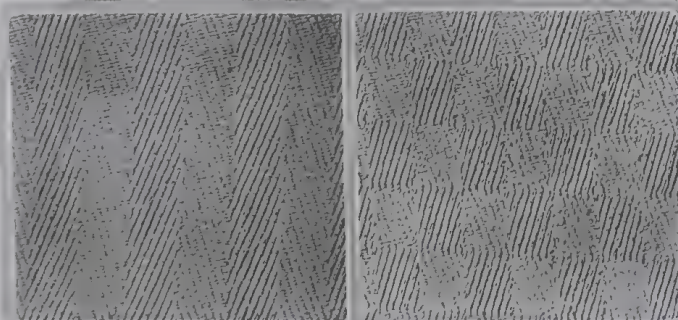
While soft-surfaced materials such as velours and duvetines will undoubtedly occupy the most prominent position among woollen stuffs, some interesting twill materials are being offered for autumn suits. Among these are the two which are shown in the photographs at the bottom of this page. Faille trico serge, shown at the left, is a fabric of exceptional fineness and has a herring-bone weave. Although this material is not sufficiently heavy for winter suits, it is extremely suitable for autumn wear. The photograph at the right shows a domino

### The Fate of Any Autumn Frock Hangs on a Clever New Thread

MATERIALS FROM HAAS BROTHERS



Tinsel silk trico, one of the season's novelties for vestings, shows a thread of tinsel



An attractive herring-bone weave distinguishes faille trico serge, an autumn suit material

Domino trico serge shows an attractive pattern which is all that its fitting name implies

trico serge, which received its name from its domino pattern. This design was accomplished by varying the weave of the material.

In the sketch at the top of the page are illustrated several interesting new silks. The material that flies furthest at the top is kitten's ear brocade which is new this season and which partakes of many of the qualities of kitten's ear crêpe. It has all the suppleness and richness of texture of the former material and is patterned with a self-coloured crêpe design on a satin ground. For evening wear, it is particularly lovely in the new shades of turquoise, apricot, cornflower blue, and peacock, and for afternoon gowns it is quite as popular in such darker colourings as prunella, chocolate, and midnight blue.

### PRINTED CHIFFONS FOR AFTERNOON

The darker material in this sketch shows paulette chiffon in a taupe tone delicately patterned in such shades as black, dull blue, leaf, and plum. These printed chiffons are regarded very favourably by smart dressmakers for afternoon gowns for autumn and winter. Patterned textures of sheer quality have been so popular during the summer that it seems not unlikely that their vogue will continue into autumn. The most conspicuous place in this drawing is given over to a silver and gold brocade. Although of American production, it is of the suppleness and elegance of texture hitherto associated only with foreign skill.

The photograph in the middle of the page illustrates a new tinsel silk trico. The weave is interestingly varied by open-work stripes, and the material is one of the novelties of the season for vestings and similar purposes. It is shown here in navy blue and silver. Tricot, which was originally intended for sports wear, has become almost a staple among fabrics. It is now employed in costumes of nearly every type, barring evening gowns. Some French models show the use of pronounced novelties in tricot like this one with open-work stripes vaguely suggesting drawn-work. They must be made over a more substantial foundation.





*In this charming suit of duvetine, in the shade of squirrel grey now so much in favour, the bodice of the coat fits quite snugly to the young lady inside; but a grey squirrel fur collar and width-giving pouch pockets at the hips, lined with squirrel, make up for this economy. A gold motif fastens the duvetine belt.*

*To prove itself ever so wise in the ways of fashion, this autumn suit in prune coloured duvetine displays that rising tendency of the waist-line in its semi-fitted bodice, its draped side pouches for the desired width, and a flaringly full effect in front. A warm collar of kolinsky fur gives the finishing touch.*



THE AUTUMN MODE SHOWS APPROV-

AL FOR THESE NEW SUITS WITH A

PENCHANT FOR WIDTH AND WAIST-LINE

MODELS FROM HOLLANDER

*(Left) There is richness and fulness, but the newest kind expresses itself in inverted plaits like those at the sides of this suit made of duvetine the colour of maple sugar and collared with kolinsky fur. Neither must one overlook the small blue duvetine triangles on the sleeve that one feels must have a military origin and that match the large triangle attaching to the band of duvetine about the neck and forming an unusual sort of waistcoat.*

*(Right) Being a suit in navy blue twill with narrow black silk braid binding is a mark of prestige, this season. And being an example of the new mode, it deserves much higher praise than that because of the way it fits in at the natural waistline, fastening there with one large button, and the way it wears that long becoming collar.*







REMYSON

## Marilyn Miller, of "The Follies of 1919"

*No Audience Is Immune From the Infection of Her Joyous and Enthusiastic Youth*



NEW YORK TAKES PLEASURE IN  
THE INCREASING MAGNITUDE OF  
TWO NEW STARS AND WEL-  
COMES A PROVED FAVOURITE



Marie Goff



Charlotte Fairland

Marie Goff is scoring a great personal success by her performance of the leading feminine rôle in that exciting new play, "At 9:45." She has had a varied career—from dramatic début at the Greek Theatre in Berkeley while a University student, to playing in a road company of "The Thirteenth Chair," and then, during a recent period, doing war work at Liberty Loan headquarters



COMET NO. 21000

Lola Fayer, who, besides being everything that a perfect pink-and-white-and-gold beauty should be, has been an ideal interpreter of Clara Kummer rôles and one of our leading stage favorites ever since she appeared in "Under Cover," where she couldn't possibly stay—is to appear in a new play, "The Case of the Girl." It was had a try-out on the road and won much New York in early autumn.

(Left) Of course, every one was perfectly delighted to welcome Colonel Elsie Janis back from the other side, where she was the most popular entertainer of the American and British troops in London and also a very large part in the London review, "Hello, America." This photograph was taken at her home near Tarrytown, where she has been resting lately; but, as she never rests long, she is about to start a new moving picture



Jessica Brown easily carries off the dancing honours—and there are many—in "A Lonely Romeo." Miss Brown possesses perfect natural grace coupled with an astounding agility and suppleness of limb

MAURICE GOLDBERG



Pauline Garon is a youthful French-Canadian who forsook the parental hearth in Montreal to join the cast of "A Lonely Romeo," from which she was drafted for service in the new musical comedy, "Buddies"

A. J. R.



Ann Pennington, of "The Scandals of 1919," has been frequently imitated but never equalled in her own particular style of dancing, a style in which the nimble shoulder plays an indispensably important part



MAURICE GOLDBERG

Marjorie Gateson is a shepherdess of the Watteau school in the riotous new success, "The Gaieties of 1919," which threatens to become a fixture in the dramatic calendar together with the Follies, the Scandals and the Passing Show

## Fair Survivors of the Summer Season

*Furnishing the Main Motif in Musical Comedy Successes*





ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

Constance Talmadge (left) followed in the footsteps of her sister, Norma, and they led her straight to success as a moving picture star. She has lately appeared in "The Fall of Babylon," and will soon be seen on all our leading screens as the heroine of "Happiness à la Mode"

Norma Talmadge goes right on being one of the brightest lights in the entire milky way of movie stars. Her next picture will be "The Way of a Woman," which has been made from Eugene Walter's play, "Nancy Lee," which Charlotte Walker played on the stage last year



ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

Dorothy Gish is one of the most skilful and popular interpreters of comedy rôles in the movies. It was she who provided the rare moments of laughter in "Hearts of the World." Her latest picture, "Nugget Nell," is now provoking mirth everywhere

PARAMOUNT



Lillian Gish is the serious half of the famous Gish family: she has a genius for all those wistful, pathetic parts on the screen. She is shown here as she appears in her latest, and greatest, success.—D. W. Griffith's production of "Broken Blossoms"

BARNUM DE MEYER



The Duncan sisters (left) came out of the West, via Los Angeles, Chicago, and points East. Success was waiting to welcome them to our city, when they arrived in New York. Their first appearance was at the Winter Garden, after which came a season in vaudeville, on the Keith circuit. At present, their singing is one of the hits of "She's a Good Fellow"

The Fairbanks twins were literally snatched from the cradle by the long arm of the movies. Then Mr. Ziegfeld's unerring judgment in such matters told him that they would add greatly to the pictorial and terpsichorean qualities of the Follies. They made a great success in last season's Follies, and are making an even bigger hit in this year's edition



ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

## Famous Sisters, of the Stage and Screen

*Showing that Stars—Like Twins—Are Apt to Run in Families*





Alice Joyce, in "The Vengeance of Durand"

*A Dramatic Moment in Her Latest Film Play, Which Was Written by Rex Beach*



# The Autobiography of Any Movie Actress

*Set Down in the Regulation Manner*

By HELEN WELLS

I'M sure I can't imagine why the great big editor of this great big magazine should want little me to write the story of my life. He says that all his readers are just crazy to really and truly know all about me—but I don't see why they should be, do you? I never can understand why everybody is so interested in me. Why, I get at least 10,000 letters every day from admirers all over the world. Of course, I never have time to read any of the letters, but I do appreciate them so much, and they are my greatest inspiration in my art. I often think of all the people, everywhere in the great big world, who are so crazy about me—and I just want them all to sure-enough know that I love them as much as they love me!

So, as long as everybody is so anxious to hear the story of my life, I guess I'll just have to "take the cow by the horns" and tell it. You must all forgive me, if I don't write like a real author does. This is the first story I've ever written. I have never had time to write, although it has always been my ambition. Ever since I can remember, I have felt that "the pen is mightier than the saw," and some day when the public lets me have a little time to myself I am going to write some books and plays. I have written a great many poems, but they are locked away where no one can see them, for they are the outpourings of my inmost heart. Perhaps, some time, I may give in and let them be published—but I won't go under that bridge until I come to it.

BUT there—I must begin at the beginning, mustn't I? For I suppose everybody will want to know every little detail of my life.

Well, the "stork" left me in Twin Falls, Idaho, one Summer morn not so very long ago. I'm not going to tell you just how long ago it was, for "a lady is as old as she looks," you know,—and everybody always tells me that I am at my best in child rôles.

I want to tell all mothers not to be discouraged if their kiddies are not beautiful—you can't tell how they may turn out. Why, people have told me that I was a real "homely duckling" when I was very young. But I soon got over that, for I can remember, as a kiddie, being stopped on the street by one of the most prominent artists in Twin Falls, who asked me to pose for the cover of a breakfast food package. However, my mother refused to let me accept his offer; she felt that the Bohemian atmosphere of the studio would turn my head.

AND yet, how little do we know of the strange workings of fate, which blossom forth where we least expect them on the dim horizon of the future! It is just as the notable poet, Robert L. Stevenson, whose works are among my many favorites, says,—*"The world is so full of a great many things, we ought to all be as happy as kings are."* It was the

artist's recognition of my gifts that made me realize that an artistic career was to be mine. If he is one of the many who will pore over these lines, I hope that he will know how grateful I am to him. Some day, perhaps, we may meet again, and if we do I hope he won't be afraid to come right up and speak to me—for he will find me just as warm-hearted and democratic as I was in my kiddie days.

Although I had never seen a "movie," I always realized that "movies" were the great artistic possibility of the future. It became my constant dream to some day become a moving picture "star." I thought of nothing else; it was my one hope and ambition. And finally, the day came when my life-long hopes branched

tures. Never will I forget my entrance into my first studio—I am very sure the director will never forget it, either. There was a great crowd of people gathered outside the studio, all applying for work—they had been waiting there for hours. The minute I appeared the director and the head of the company, who happened to be there that day, rushed up to me, exclaiming, "Just what we have been waiting for, for years!" For some reason or other, they seemed to think that I was the most beautiful girl they had ever seen—I can't imagine why. Somehow, mine is the type that has always been greatly attractive to men; it has proved to be a great nuisance to me, and I have often thought of all the unattractive, unsought girls who envy me so. How surprised they would be could they but know that there are times when I almost feel that I would gladly exchange places with them!

I was immediately given a position playing parts of secondary importance to the "star's." However, I did not stay long at this; after a few pictures had been made, the "star" refused to have me with her in the company,—I leave it to you to decide whether it was because I was too bad or too good!

THE loss of this position did not worry me in the least; I have always made it a rule in my life to feel naught but pity for those who are jealous of me. Besides, I resolved to soon be a "star" myself, knowing that it was a waste of time for me to play secondary parts. It has been my philosophy to never, under any circumstances, aim low; I have always "fastened my carriage to a star." Accordingly, I set bravely forth for the studio of the company which I have been with ever since—and which, so many people have been good enough to think, I

have made famous. Somehow—I don't know why it was—I had no difficulty here, either, in securing a position. As soon as the director saw me, I was engaged at a salary that seemed big to me then, though I smile now, when I think of it. In a short time, my childhood's dream had come true,—at last, the little girl from Twin Falls was a "star" of the "silent drama." From that time on—well, you know the rest as well as I do, all you who flock to see every "film" that I appear in, who eagerly read every line about me that is printed in the papers, and who besiege me with requests for my photograph, signature, and "cast-off" clothing.

Of course, I have given here just the merest outline of my life. You, dear readers, must be kind enough to "read around the lines." Of all the emotions, all the heart-throbs that have filled me, I can say nothing. There are those who think that a "movie" actress, who must play so many emotional rôles on the "screen" must be cold and passionless in her own life. Ah, how little do they know! I am an actress, yes—but first of all (Continued on page 91)



"BEETHOVEN'S SONATA"

A drawing by Einar Nerman, who is bringing from Stockholm to New York in the Fall his combined talents for drawing and dancing

out and bore fruit which lighted my path and led the way to fame. My father had long been the most influential and respected citizen of Twin Falls, and it was impossible for him to bury his talents under the bushel of a small city. Everyone knew that it was just a question of time until New York recognized his ability, so it was not much of a surprise when he was offered the position of assistant elevator starter at Lord and Taylor's. Thus it was that we came on east, to the "great metropolis."

MY first sight of New York! Shall I ever forget it? There are those who feel terror at their first glimpse of that great whirlpool of humanity where many a fragile blossom has its wings singed in the candle of vice, but I never experienced such fear. I seemed to know that here was the land of my dreams, that the city before me would soon be at my feet—perhaps it was premonition. Be that as it may, I resolved more firmly than ever that I would enter the "movies."

Soon after our arrival in "Manhattan," I set out to accept a position in the motion pic-





CENTRAL NEWS

Guns and gunning can hardly be called "out of office-hours" for Hudson Maxim, but, at any rate, he is not making a speech or writing an article in this picture. The scene is Lake Hopatcong.

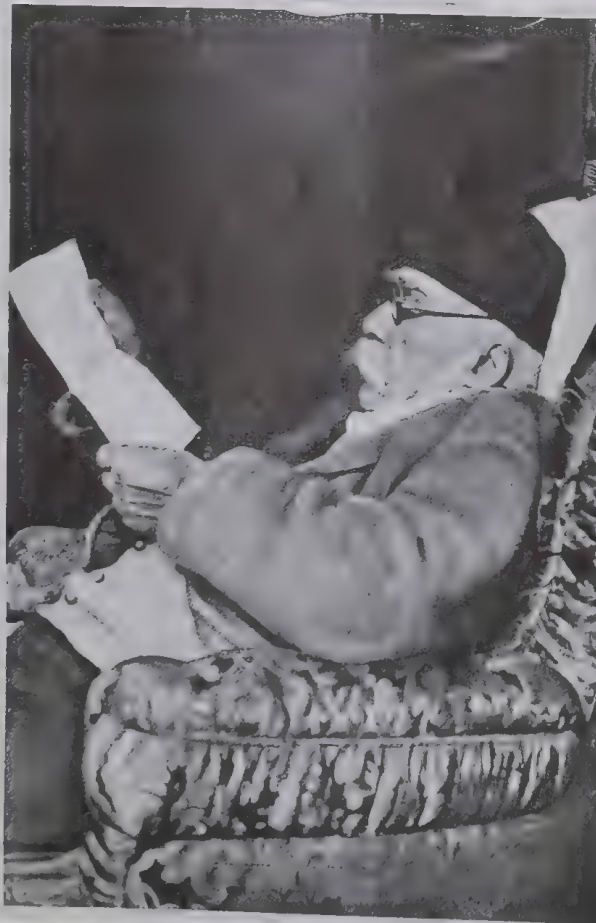


Anna Case (above), the Metropolitan Opera soprano, paddles and composes songs during the summer at her home at Mamaroneck, N. Y., and one song, written about a local robin, is pointed to with pride by the Mamaroneck Board of Trade.



CENTRAL NEWS

Admiral Jellicoe succeeded in bottling up the German fleet and here he is shown in the act of—but why try to be so silly about it, especially as there is no sign of a bottle anywhere in the picture?



CENTRAL NEWS

Clemenceau is not often caught in an attitude of repose, but now that this German affair is cleaned up there should be no one to deny his right to a good easy chair, an alpaca cap, and a copy of "La Vie Parisienne."

## Out of Office Hours: Our Parking Space for Pet Hobbies

*Revealing Less Familiar Aspects of Some of Our More Familiar Figures*





Peter A. Juley

Few of the artists who contributed to the great Canadian War Memorial exhibition, which filled the Anderson Galleries during June and July, have visualized war in so admirably decorative fashion as has Gerald E. Morris. "Number 3 Canadian Stationary Hospital at Doullens, France" is the work of a painter wise in the art which transmutes reality into beauty.

## ART PAYS TRIBUTE TO THE HEROES OF WAR

New York Views the Extensive Canadian  
Exhibition and Notable War Medals



By MARION E. FENTON

In the recent competition arranged by the American Numismatic Society, the artist designed peace medal of Chester A. Beach, was the winner by a unanimous vote.



AN unusual continuation of the New York art season into the summer months this year allowed for the latest and most heralded, if not the best of the big war exhibitions, the Canadian War Memorials exhibition which was held in the Anderson Galleries throughout June and July.

In an even greater degree than its predecessors, this exhibition was the work of artists who had been at the front, although this time with a more definite object than the making of a mere record of fact. Their mission was to paint a consecutive history of the part which Canada played in the great war, to form decorative panels of given size for a great Memorial Building at Ottawa. That the work might be the finest art expression of Canada at the time and not mere painted history, the committee in charge chose, as far as possible, the first men of every creed and school of art

from the strictly academic to the ultra modern. Thus it is that the long list of artists contains such names as Orpen, Cameron, Jack, Nevinson, Brangwyn, and Augustus John. Official patronage at a time when the art activity of the country was at low ebb, presumably for the duration of the war, was a boon to artists and aroused related art interests both in England and in Australia.

Conditions for the making of these memorial canvases were excellent. Given the subject he was to represent and the size of the panel he was to fill, the artist was afforded every opportunity for observation and sketching at the front that the portrayal might be full of the dramatic vigour of the conflict, while the issue still hung in the balance, for Canada ranks posthumous war pictures with posthumous portraits. Beyond the limitation of subject and space, the artist was left

unhampered in his conception and its expression. Whether the results will rise to the heights of the committee's expectations when they view the whole panorama, remains to be seen when the acres of canvas on which it is depicted are finally in place as a great decorative whole. That the diversity of conception, of method, and of technique in themselves are bound to rob it of an artistic unity of effect, whatever they may add in vigour and interest, is inevitable, for they are as diverse as the subjects.

That the paintings are the work of conscientious artists one can not question; one can only wish that the artists had been, not less true, but perhaps less imbued with a conscientiousness to let no small detail escape the brush, and had retained a remembrance that a true record is not necessarily art. Possibly the very fact that they worked

(Continued on page 90)

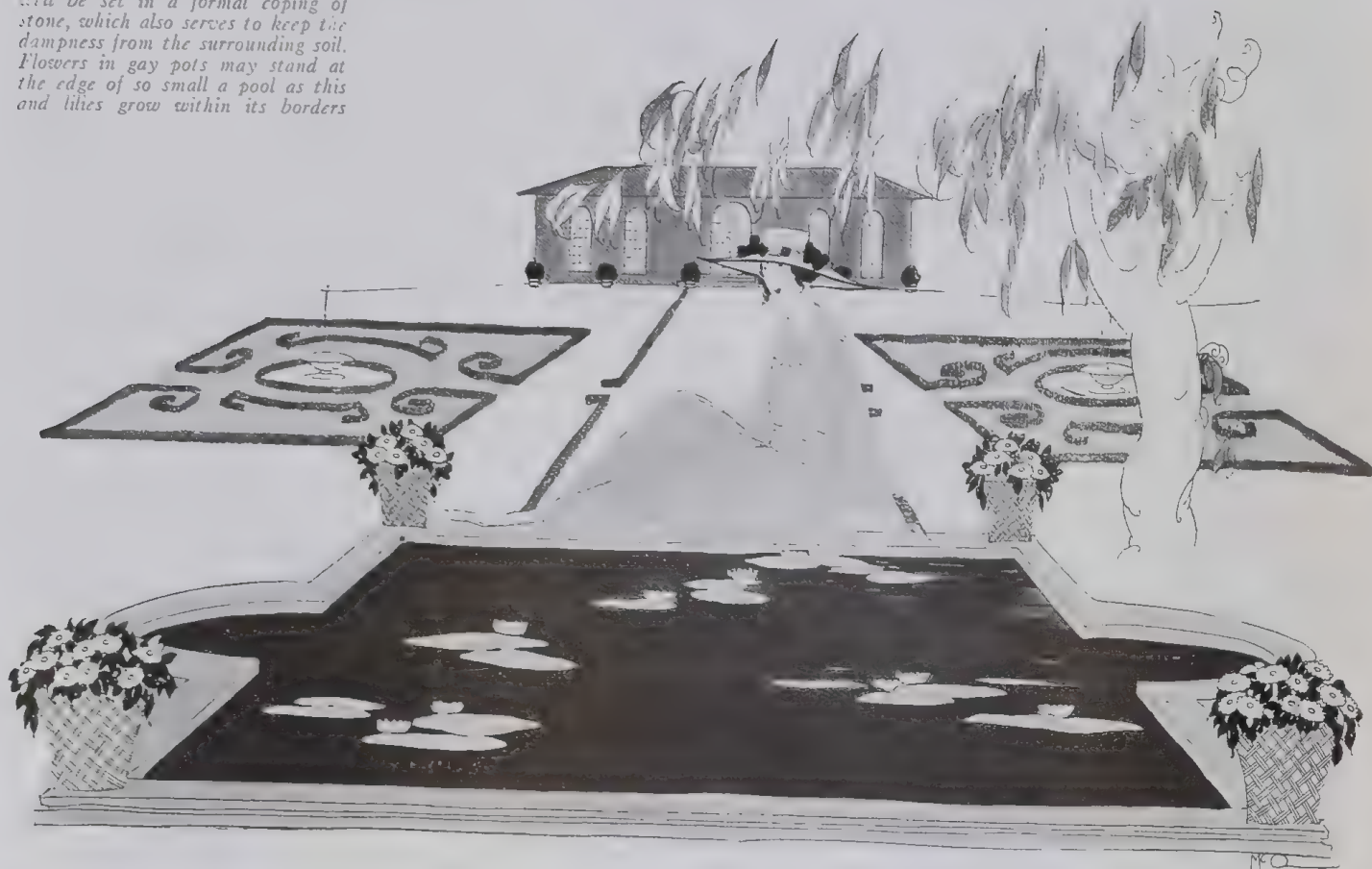
From the Anderson Galleries, the Canadian Memorial Exhibition will go to Toronto to form part of a great Canadian exhibition



In "The Stretcher Party," Lieutenant C. H. Barraud presents an incident of war with both artistic and dramatic interest



For the formal garden, a pool may well be set in a formal coping of stone, which also serves to keep the dampness from the surrounding soil. Flowers in gay pots may stand at the edge of so small a pool as this and lilies grow within its borders



## THE POOL WITHIN THE GARDEN WALLS

IT isn't as if one could create a garden without it. As well make the castle in Spain without windows as one's garden of the Hesperides without a garden pool. What were the gardens of the Taj Mahal without their marble-set fountain pools reflecting the brilliant stars of the Indian skies; were not the fountains of Versailles worth a king's fortune? Who ever read a book on landscape gardening that did not wander off after the first chapter or two on walls and sod paths and terraces and become a book on garden pools and fountains and brooks? It is a theme no artist can resist, and some of the things an artist can do with it are visualized here.

Of course some gardens are so fortunate as to be born with running brooks in their mouths, as it were, or at least with a bubbling spring sufficient to create one of those ideal mirror-like pools which, since the days of Narcissus, have never forgotten their mission of reflecting beauty. However, even if one's garden isn't so gifted naturally, there is no need to despair in this country of electric pumping engines, hydraulic rams, artesian wells, picturesque windmills, and other ingenious devices for making water flow or stand in spots where an over-negligent nature has never had the forethought to place it.

### OF PRACTICAL MATTERS

In the old days, we all know, when one essayed to show the beauties of one of these "self-made" garden pools even to a rather sympathetic friend, one's æsthetic feelings were shocked with, "Oh, of course, it is very lovely. Water the eye of the landscape, you know, and all that. But, my dear, don't you really mind mosquitoes? And that green frost on the water, isn't it wonderful in this light? Did you ever hear that it is malaria?"

Well, they do those things better nowadays. Jolly little gold-fish dispose of the intruding mosquito before his wings have even begun to grow. An infusion of copper sulphate too weak to even disturb the goldfish, disposes of the picturesque green frost, known to the scientific originators of the cure as algae. Correct adjustment of the intake and outlet and a wise distribution of grow-

Whether Made by Nature or Made by Man, Its  
Beauty Is Essential to the Perfect Garden

DESIGNS BY ROBERT MCQUINN



On the rocks which cleverly diversify the edge of a miniature lake may perch a decorative skyscraper for bird tenants

ing water-plants aid in aerating the water, and the made pool may now be as fresh and clear and glassy as any of nature's making.

Practical matters thus admirably disposed of, the garden-maker may revel in the decorative possibilities of water in the garden, in the endless variations of the theme, from the miniature pool of the bird-bath to the miniature lake that sends back blue of sky and fleecy of floating cloud from its clear depth or lies a glistening sheet of silver in the moonlight. For that is one of the secrets in the making of garden pools, to restrict the planting about them, so that sun and moon may work their endless magic with the water.

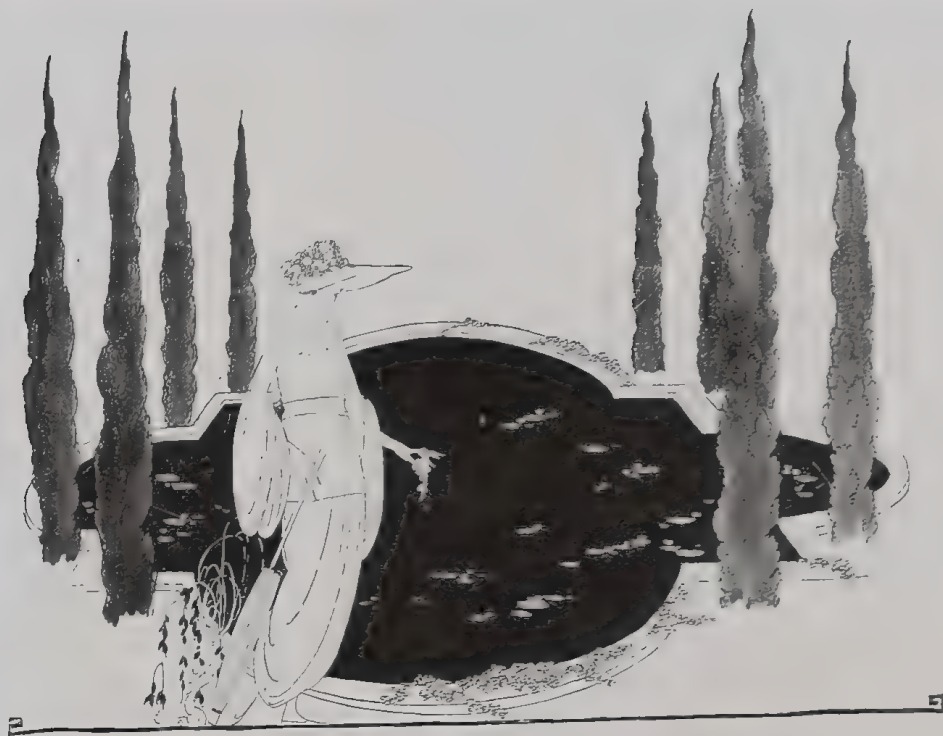
### THE DECORATIVE SIDE

Depth is not essential to these pools (two and a half or three feet of water will afford protection to the water-plants through the winter), but shape and proportion and setting are vastly important. For the formal pool, a stone coping affords an excellent frame, and it serves the practical purposes of keeping the dampness from the ground about the pool. Flowers may grow at the corners, when the pool is not so large as to render them insignificant. For larger pools, one may gain an effect of Italian formality by a clever planting of slim cedars, too slim and too few to shut the light from this pool.

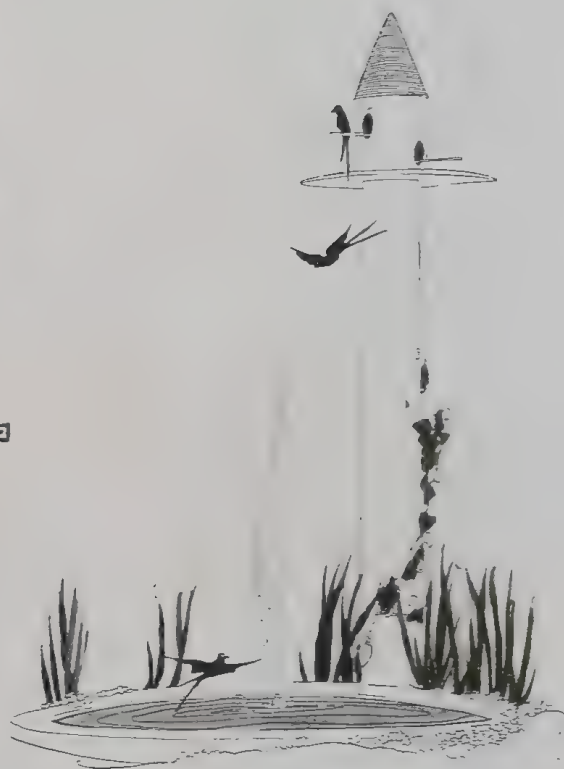
Again, if one be of a whimsical turn of mind, one may make the garden pool a veritable boudoir for a sister of Narcissus, a sheer mirroring circle enclosed completely but not too closely by a thick green hedge.

Another thing which has been learned about garden pools is that size is really of no consequence. Extensive grounds may indulge in artificial lakes, watercourses, or decorative swimming-pools. But if the garden is small, so may the pool be small. And for the very smallest gardens of all or for little corners in the biggest gardens of all, there is that engaging combination, the bird-bath that is a miniature fountain pool set beside a picturesque bird-house, thus combining two delights without which no garden, whatever its size, is complete.—water and bird life.

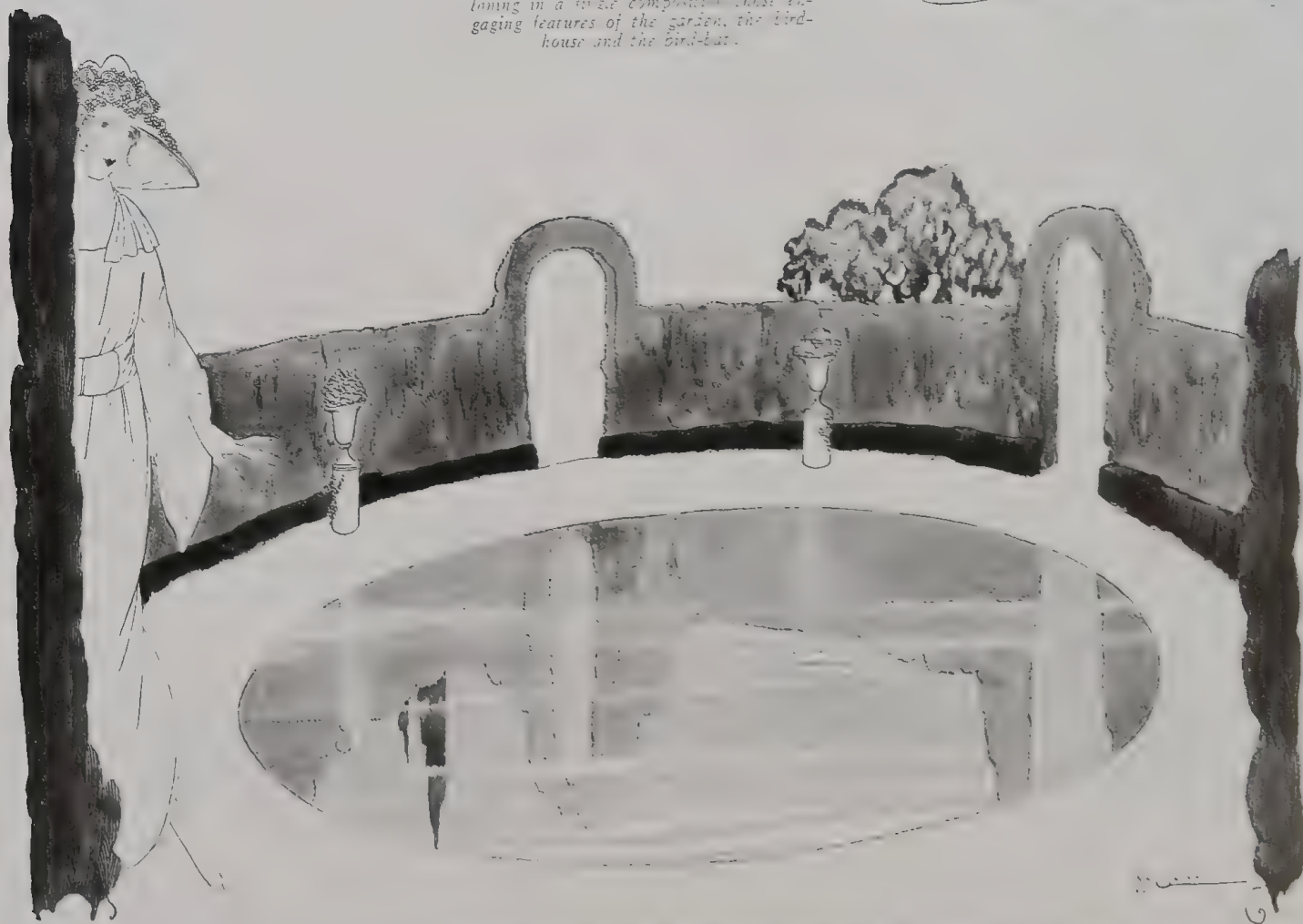




*It must always be remembered that no pool can do its best for a garden unless allowed its full share of sun and moon and sky. That, however, does not preclude the use of trees, and slim dark cedars like this create at once the image of the lovely garden.*



*It takes the imagination of an artist to think of a thing so delightful as combining in a single composition these engaging features of the garden, the bird-house and the bird-bait.*



*To step through the green archways and meet this sudden pool and with the sun at noon, to be at once to all that has been said in praise of garden pools. Since summer is short and trees are long to grow, one may create a temporary screen of trellis and quick growing vine, while the hedge pursues its leisurely way to perfection.*





Gillies

## THE APPROACH TO THE HOUSE

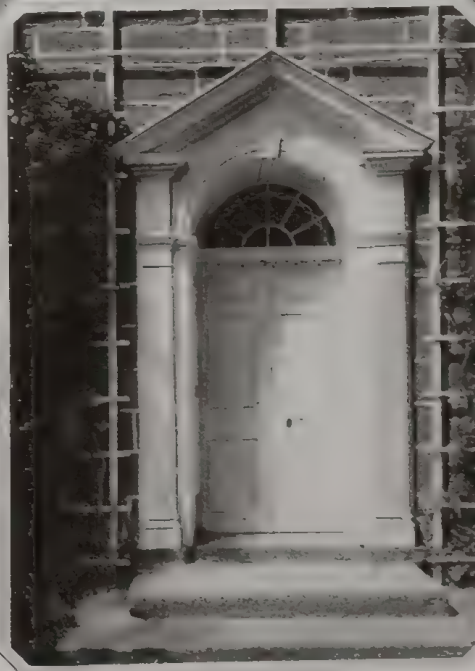
*The fault with a great deal of our domestic architecture is that no sufficient approach is provided. Space is a requisite to an appreciation of architecture. The beauty of this home—the residence of C. F. T. Seaverns, Esq., at*

*Hartford, Ct.—is greatly enhanced by its dignified approach—the wide stretch of roadway and the lawn which are before it. Goodwin, Bullard & Woolsey were the architects of the house*





The house stands on land granted by William Penn to the owner's ancestors in 1714 and the house, a remarkable type of Pennsylvania Colonial farmhouse, dates from about the same year. It is the residence of Major W. McM. Rutter



The six panel, double door type of entrance is characteristic of the epoch. Its classical proportions, delicate molding and decorative fan light make it a standard for architectural reproduction. Latticeed walls form a background

(Left) From the garden one passes under this covered portico and through the paneled door to the dining room

## A REMODELED PENNSYLVANIA FARMHOUSE

D'HRING, OKIE & ZIEGLER,  
Architects



# THE ART OF HANGING PICTURES

*Their Relation to the Color and Furniture Arrangement of the Room as Illustrated in the New York House of Albert Sterner, Esq.*

GOOD pictures are often spoiled in the hanging, just as good plays in the acting. No one who has suffered from the unpleasant effects of a crowded mass of canvases in heavy, ornate gold frames, jostling one another on a too small wall space, will ever forget the sense of hopeless irritation which ensues. Any interest in art one might otherwise have had is successfully stifled and, of course, the effectiveness of the decoration of the room is utterly destroyed.

Nowhere but in a gallery set aside for that purpose should canvas after canvas be placed in rows, and even there they must be arranged according to some carefully considered decorative plan.

It would seem that it requires an artist not only to paint pictures, but to give them their appropriate setting. The residence of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Sterner most happily illustrates this fact. There they have created an ideal background for Mr. Sterner's work, and have so placed the canvases that they become an integral part of the decoration.

The simply paneled walls painted an elusive gray-green, are a pleasing and flattering milieu for objets d'art and people alike. Due consideration has been given the pictures, as to their size, character and coloring in relation to the scale of the walls and the furniture.

## The Simple Rules

In fact, careful study of the methods used will be sufficient to evolve a number of perfectly simple rules about what to do with one's pictures. To begin with—if they are worth while hanging at all, and that is far from a negligible point—they are worth showing and they should never, except in the case of over doors, be placed much above the level of the eye.

Another axiom is that the wire or cord used should not be visible. In this way they seem to become an actual part of the wall decoration, rather than an additional ornament.

It is also true that in hanging, the frames should not be tilted forward so as to be out of line with the wall.



Harting

*As an over-mantel decoration in the simply paneled dining room, painted gray-green, is a life-size portrait of young Harold Sterner. The carved iron screen is by Hunt Diederich*



*The top of a set of book shelves serves as a convenient space for small bibelots and drawings so placed that they may be easily scrutinized*

The right lighting is, of course, essential and this may require no end of rearrangement. Sufficient breathing space should be given each picture. In fact, a single canvas of good size needs quite a good deal of wall space, and it is only in the case of small etchings, water colors or drawings, that they should ever be hung in groups.

The clever arrangement of small pictures into a well balanced series is an achievement. A very interesting collection of old needlework and water colors of panier fleuri, some framed in oval frames, we have seen arranged most delightfully, and because of this fact they were a joy to behold rather than a tiresome, jumbled mass which they might otherwise have been. Five or six were hung on one wall, with a duplicate arrangement on the opposite wall.

## Small Drawings

Of course, another possibility with small drawings is to place them on a low shelf, as in the case of the Sterner house. Here at one side of the drawing room a low series of book shelves has its top shelf as a convenient place for small figurines, boxes and drawings, particularly drawings which require close scrutiny. These may be easily picked up and examined.

The artist realizes that it is useless to hang a small drawing where it may be seen only in the dim distance, just as it is quite absurd to allow a huge canvas to crowd itself into a small space without allowing an opportunity for the proper perspective.

Prints, architectural or mythological, which do not require close study, with their superficially graceful designs of either the Italian or French school, are appropriate for hallways and for small anterooms where one may stop simply en passant. Small prints of this sort would, of course, not be appropriate for a huge living room where more important canvases would look their best.

## A Background for Art

It is well to choose a good background as a setting for art objects, and in so doing it is





*Above a settee covered in mauve and silver damask hangs a small painting in a dull silver frame*

particularly some of the beautiful Grinling Gibbons carvings especially designed for this purpose and used as over-mantel decorations.

This method of placing a good sized canvas to exactly fit a wall panel is happily illustrated on page 24, where a portrait by Mr. Sterner was used as a decoration exactly fitting the space over the fireplace. When planning a room, the size of the canvas should be considered and the panels made to fit. Delightful results may be achieved in this fashion by the use of an oval portrait or flower painting and, of course, small paintings used as over doors set in moldings are effective. Grisaille is particularly good for this purpose, as well as for over mirrors.

#### The Question of Frames

Another vital question is the question of frames. The ornate, heavy, ponderous,

gold frame is happily gradually becoming a thing of the past, but too many "art collectors" cling to this old time abomination to omit mention of it altogether. The frame makers have a very good and interesting variety of frames, gold and old silver and copper tones, black with old gold medallions, some with deeply recessed molding, others flat and carved in low relief. There should be no excuse for not framing pictures adequately and with due con-



*In the dining room stands an old English cabinet between two Lancashire chairs*

wise to consider whether your walls are to be used as a background for pictures or whether they are to form the chief decorations themselves. Simply paneled, painted walls are always the best and there are many interesting colors which will be found harmonious. The gray-green is always lovely and a robin's egg blue, although rather strong, is good; also a deep warm fawn color. It seems needless to add that a patterned wall paper should never be used when pictures are. Because in this way the design of the picture loses its significance entirely.

#### Pictures as Decoration

In the 17th and 18th Centuries in rooms of any importance it was always usual to consider pictures as an integral part of the decoration. So much was this true that panels sunk in the walls in a molding of carved wood or stucco were nearly always used to surround portraits. Even when not set in the walls in this fashion, the frames were made to conform with the ornamental detail of the rest of the room. Many English interiors illustrate this treatment,

sideration for both the canvas and the setting.

The frames should be kept in harmony, especially in the case of small pictures hung close together, as otherwise a very confusing result is achieved.

#### Pictures and the Small House

So many people are under the impression that a big, rather imposing house is necessary in order to own and display art objects to advantage. As a matter of fact, this is not true at all. Many a small house or apartment blossoms forth tremendously and acquires personality and distinction by the introduction of a few good pictures. Of course, they must be well chosen and wisely placed, but by their intelligent use they will give variety and beauty to the staid walls, broadening the size of the room to include vistas of sea and land, and introducing brilliancy of color and beauty of design. Beware the perils of inappropriateness, however, for they multiply and grow in inverse ratio as their settings diminish.



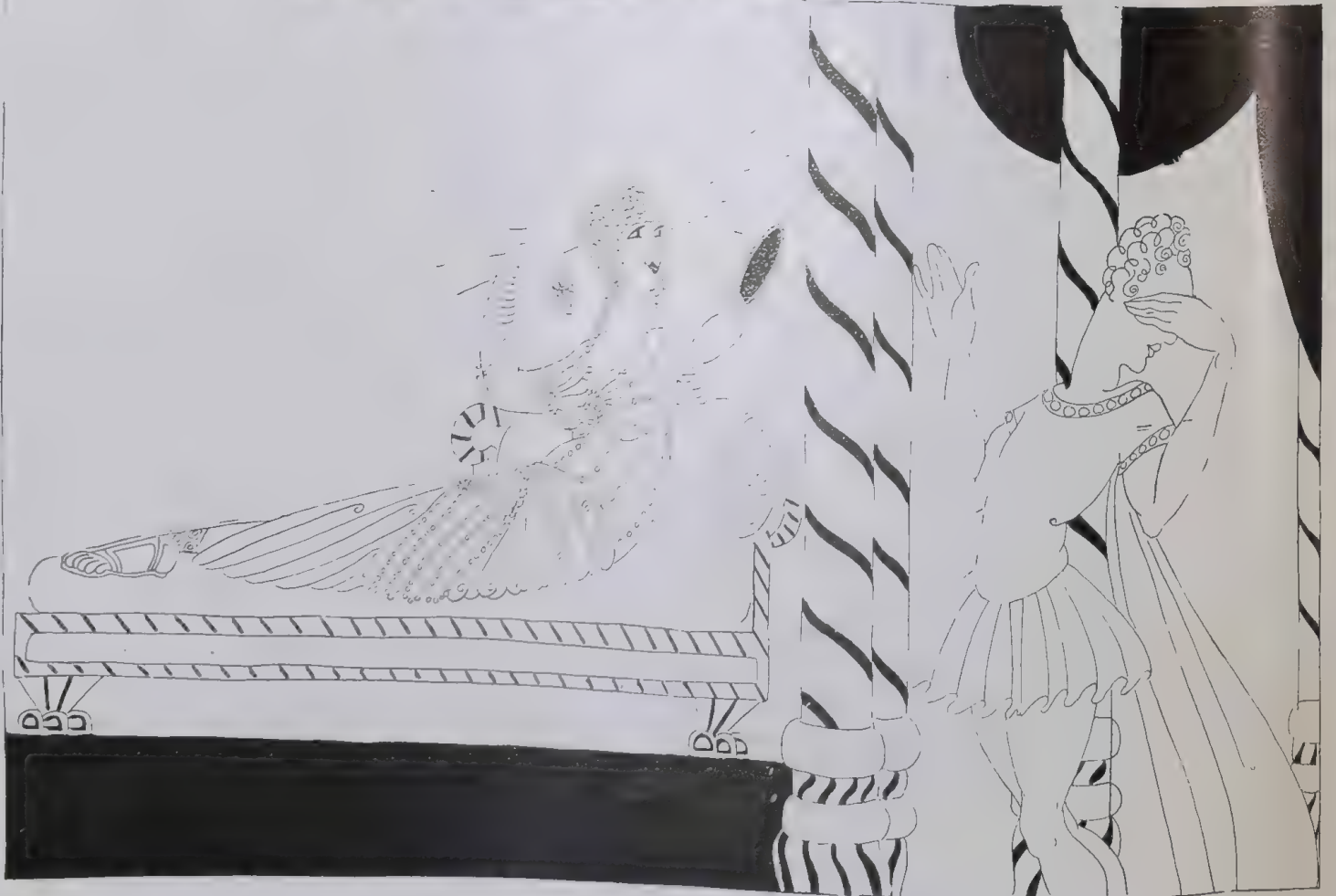
*Cool gray-green paneled walls make a happy background for the many objets d'art in the salon. The place of honor is accorded the bronze dancer, by Eli Nadelman, and over the settee hangs a portrait*



The sensational temptation scene from "Potiphar's Wife" the great historical film play, which cost over \$10,000,000 to produce, not counting the star's salary, and employed more people, in the battle scene alone, than there were in all the allied countries combined: while the lunches consumed by the supernumeraries during the making of the picture, if placed end to end, would feed Russia for the next five years. The film proves that, even in the good old days, you couldn't get away from the triumph of right—Joseph never fell for the local vampires



The wicked vampire and the gilded youth—a strong picture, produced to open the eyes of young men. The infatuated youth goes down, down, down, till finally, when he has nothing left but a forged check, she casts him off with a bitter laugh. It is always comforting to remember, however, that vampires are only that way on the screen—just read any interview with them, in any newspaper, and you will find out what nice, sweet girls they are at home, and how they just hate to play wicked rôles, and only wish the public would let them appear in "Pollyanna," or "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"







The triumph of virtue—the big moral punch at the end of the feature film. The hero, after eight reels of life in a great city, tears himself free from the widely advertised clutches of the vampire and returns to the ingenue, who has been patiently waiting for him back in the old home town of Fort Lee, all during the picture. It is such scenes as this that make life on the National Board of Censorship a bed of roses



The happy ending of the Western drama—the first quiet moment in the entire film. The hero has just triumphed completely over Vice, in the person of the effete New Yorker with the gray derby hat. The plot has included such local color as a hold-up, a stampede, several shooting parties, a few murders, and a hand-to-hand combat on the edge of the Grand Canyon—none of which diversions have ruffled even a hair of the hero's chaps. This scene has just followed on the superbly illustrated caption: "Come, girl—let us go out into the heart of the great West, where a man's a man, and his woman is his woman. That is the place for such as you and I"



## Great Moral Lessons in the Movies

*Rays of Light from the Silver Screen*

Sketches by FISH

Rather a nervous moment in a film of homes and heart-throbs—clean, uplifting, and instructive, bring the kiddies. There is absolutely no need to get yourself worked up over the fate of the innocent little country girl—the censor is watching over her. The villain lures her away from the property homestead, it is true, but just when things are beginning to get really good, the hero will appear, defeat the villain without even half trying, and lead the heroine back to the farm, to pose in a heavy wind, for the final close-up



## We Nominate for the Hall of Fame:



HARRIS &amp; EWING

FREDERICK P. KEPPEL

Because he has been made Director of Foreign Operations of the American Red Cross, to carry out the tremendous work of reconstruction for which Europe is looking to this country; because, during the past two years, he has been Third Assistant Secretary of War, a post from which he emerged with credit (which is no faint praise); and because, previous to all this, he was one of the most popular deans Columbia College ever had



PIRIE MACDONALD

H. J. WHIGHAM

Because he is editor of two magazines—*The Metropolitan* and *Town and Country*—the former the official organ for the expression of Colonel Roosevelt's ideals, at a time when those ideals were of vital importance to the country; because he was not afraid to print Raymond Robins' story of Russia in spite of the fact that it differed in several essentials from Mr. Creel's official documents; and because he was for two years the National Golf Champion of America



HARRIS &amp; EWING

HENRY D. LINDSLEY

Because he is the head of the American Legion, a national organization of veterans of the Great War; because he was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal for his work in France; because he resigned as Director of the War Risk Insurance Bureau, because of the existing policy toward the Bureau, which he believed would cause hardship to soldiers and sailors and their dependents



EDMONSTON

ALICE PAUL

Because she is Chairman of the first woman's political party in America, which has a promising political future rather than a compromising political past; because she is a Quakeress who fought her way past supposedly insuperable obstacles, including the President of the United States, and the *New York Times*; and because she has served seven terms in prison without writing a book of poems



# Unconscious Ideals

What Are Your "Imaginary Models of Perfection"?

By GEORGE HIBBARD

NOTHING probably could cause greater surprise, not to say consternation, in the mind of the average American citizen than to be accused of being a poet. Certainly nothing could be farther from his thoughts than poetry and the influence of poetry. His conception of a poet would be that of a mild-mannered maniac who wrote lines that trickled through the middle of the page instead of standing boldly and in orderly rows down the side of it as all respectable writing should do. He would have a very shadowy image of a creature yearning for a visionary ideal of something which would be of no possible use to him or to anybody else if he attained it. The writing of such irregularly irresponsible lines would, of course, be the end and object of such an existence, but still, this would be more or less an incident. The cherishing of the ideal which is supposed to be particularly the property of poets would constitute the essence of his being.

STILL, what are ideals? We have long been accustomed to think of them as something having solely to do with art and beauty—with the ultimate expression of the highest attainment in character and conduct. But the dictionary which helps to keep us from receiving and passing false currency in the world of thought does not bind us down to any such interpretation. The definition given is merely, "an imaginary model of perfection."

If the history of its ideals could be the history of the world, decidedly the history of his or her ideals would be the history of the individual. That is the reason why these unconscious ideals are matters of every day moment. They are the guides which are directing each one of us during each hour and moment and everybody has one,—in fact, one or more—for there are plenty to go 'round.

Indeed, the belief has been too long held that there is something exclusive and grandiose about ideals. Really, nowadays they are the most universal and democratic affairs. Probably this has always been so. The darkest inhabitant of darkest Africa in the dark ages undoubtedly cherished an idea of what he wished the most. However, as man has attained a greater freedom he has reached greater consciousness and approached more nearly to a definite concept of what he considered desirable. He has conquered the right to have ideals as he has conquered so much else. They are some more of the things which the classes and the highbrows cannot consider wholly their own property.

Every man may have one, and the only trouble is that every man does not recognize that he has one. He has it but realizing that he has it is better. To know it is more advantageous because to work consciously toward an end is better than unconsciously. One may be following a street without being aware of its name, but if one wants to go to a particular place, knowing its name makes it easier to get directions in going along. To know that the bâton is in the knapsack is better, for the consciousness of it is an incentive and in most respects we are more apt to live up to it.

Of course, the most important matter is first to select your ideal, and this you cannot do unless you are aware of it. Pick in youth a carefully chosen ideal, dress carefully, and bring to boiling point over a quick fire of enthusiasm. Indeed, the mistakes of youth are almost inevitably mistakes of ideals. The knowledge of age is the rejection of the false and the setting up of wise ones. As a general thing, the ideal comes unsought and unconsciously, and in this is the danger. How they steal on us, these unconscious ideals and control the mind, taking possession of us and making us their captive. We never feel it. We never are aware of it. We are subjected to an influence and we take an ideal as we would a disease. Only we know when we are ill and we very often do not know when a new ideal has come to influence us. In the first case, we can send for a doctor, but there is no one to minister to a mind diseased, particularly when it does not know that it is afflicted, and often we languish under the baneful influence of the disorder without being in the slightest degree aware of it.

PERHAPS there never was a time when the careful sorting out of ideals was more necessary. However, the sifting is going on very vigorously and what the world is passing through now may very well serve to separate the wheat from the tares, the good from the bad. Only a short time ago we were living in a world of war, a world of shades and not of color, and were disputing too much about the shades. Nowadays at least we have come back to the good, strong primary colors and every man is forced, or will be forced, or should be forced to stand by his colors which are his ideals.

Naturally, during the past five years, the ideals of the world have been largely martial. Here, too, there has been a change—and not only has the opportunity for holding an ideal been greater but the chance—for the attainment of it infinitely more likely. There has always been the ideal of martial heroism, but the circumstances have been different. There were brave men living before Agamemnon. Very true, but they were living under other conditions. A certain social position, to state the fact simply, was necessary in order that the individual might become known as a hero. Kings were, of course, "ex officio" heroes, and generally were brave enough. Otherwise membership in a well-known family was necessary in the glory that was Greece to have particular notice taken of any deed of daring done. The common soldier had a little better chance in the grandeur that was Rome, but not much. As for the heroes of chivalry, there never was a more exclusive set, and getting into the Knights of the Round Table was more difficult than getting into the smartest London club. The quest of a knight errant was very much like making a round of extremely smart country house visits.

The change came, as so many other such changes came, with the French Revolution and has been going on ever since. Of course, the change really began when gunpowder knocked the armoured knight out of the saddle and the

man on foot commenced to show what he was. Still, battles were carried on with a great deal of decorum and according to the rules of precedence. Only with the campaigns of the French Revolution may be found the first indications of present conditions. Nevertheless, the generals and marshals were mostly the heroes, but now even the generals and the marshals have gone. Their names are to be seen in communiqués and despatches, but heroism or indeed picturesqueness is no more found with them nor, as a matter of fact, is it any longer expected from them.

THE whole thing is turned upside down, or rather round-about, and the man in the fighting line has come into his own. The rank and file are the heroes nowadays and promotion means renunciation of the laurels of heroism. Why, no one, certainly, above the rank of the colonel, in one case out of a thousand had any possible chance of becoming one of the heroes of the Great War.

The most remarkable thing about all this, or the consequence of all this, has been found to be that in no war in the world's history—and this is another reason why this war is more wonderful than all other wars—has heroism been so constant and universal, so much a part of a great many men's daily life. As has been said by those who have seen much of the fighting, what was once called heroism was so usual, the standard had become so high, that what formerly would have been considered a brilliant action was an every day occurrence. A disregard of danger that almost amounted to an act of deliberate suicide, so apparently certain must be the fatal outcome, alone entitled a man to consideration and to be regarded as a hero. And there is no lack of numbers who have qualified even under these most stringent rules.

Formerly one hero made a battle or a battle produced only one hero, but now, they come "in battalions." They marched across the muddy bogs of Flanders and the devastated fields of France in a never-ending procession. Byron began "Don Juan" by cynically exclaiming—

*"I want a hero, an uncommon want.*

*When every year and month sends forth a new one,"*

but in very truth to-day he would discover that any such sneering would be meaningless. In fact to-day, every day and every hour, sends forth not only a real hero, but heroes without numbers from the ranks. The popularization, the democratization of heroism has brought the chance for humanity to prove itself, and nowadays the most famous of the heroes of past times—Achilles, Castor and Pollux, Amadis of Gaul, or Richard Coeur de Lion—would find themselves completely lost in the shuffle.

With the signing of the peace treaty truly there may arise a need for new ideals but no less need for ideals. Certainly in the difficulties of the present what they are is of more consequence than ever and more urgent is the necessity of coming to know exactly what they are.

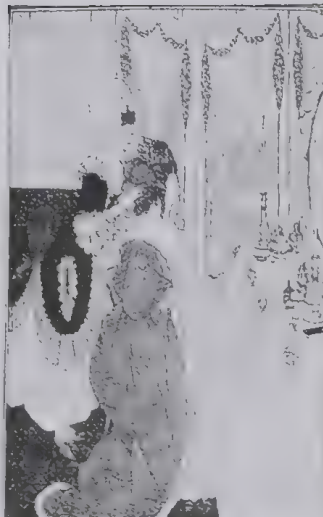




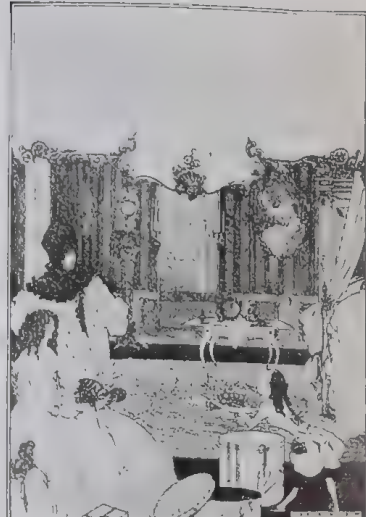
Title-page for the Savoy



For "The Rape of the Lock"



Drawing entitled "The Toilet"



Cover design for the Savoy

FOUR GENUINE BEARDSLEYS. EXHIBITS IN MR. GALLATIN'S CASE

## Aubrey Beardsley: Vintage of 1919

*A New Picture Game for Tired Art Critics*

By OLIVER BRENNING

AUBREY BEARDSLEY was the world's undisputed master of black and white. He not only strongly influenced his contemporaries, but even to-day there are dozens of artists whose work shows that they are under great obligation to him. More than that, he is one of the most "faked" of all masters. That, certainly, is true fame; perhaps the greatest compliment that an artist can receive.

Beardsley died in 1898, at the age of twenty-six, one of the most vital and original artists of his epoch. But his fame was as hotly contested as was Whistler's. That is the story of all creative genius: Keats and Wagner were also praised with faint damns. Beardsley's marvelous sense of decoration, his balancing of white against black, his exquisite "line", so sure, so firm and so wonderfully beautiful and full of grace, have never been equalled by any artist working with pen and ink. He stands alone in his splendid isolation—as Rembrandt did as an etcher until Whistler became amused by scratching on the copper.

### *The Exhibition of "Hitherto Unknown" Beardsleys*

AS it was generally known that practically all of Beardsley's drawings had been carefully recorded, and often reproduced, the announcement made last spring of an exhibition in New York in April of about eighty hitherto unknown examples of Beardsley's work made no little stir in art circles. As the announcement ran, they were to come as "a complete and startling surprise". To students of Beardsley's work, however, they were not a surprise at all: they turned out to be exactly what was expected. Three of New York's great dailies, notwithstanding, appeared with glowing accounts of the exhibition, stating that these drawings were magnificent specimens of Beardsley's art.

It was at this point that Mr. A. E. Gallatin, who is an authority on Beardsley, opened his spring campaign and came to the rescue of a great artist, an artist who was dead and could not defend himself. Enlisting the services of Joseph Pennell, Paul G. Konody (who brought over the Canadian War Memorials), C. Lewis



The alleged Beardsley, supposed to be a rejected drawing made for Pope's "The Rape of the Lock." Mr. Gallatin claims that this is a synthesized forgery, made up of details copied from the above genuine Beardsleys

Hind, the well-known English critic; Mr. Derry, who is writing a book on Beardsley; Martin Birnbaum, C. R. W. Nevinson, and half a dozen other Beardsley experts, Mr. Gallatin boldly went right ahead and attacked these eighty alleged Beardsley drawings without quarter.

All of his cohorts agreed that the drawings were not only not by Beardsley, but that they were an insult to the artist's memory. Chief among their weak points, aside from their faulty technique, was the fact that they were twice as large as any known examples, that they were drawn on cardboard, which Beardsley never used, and finally—probably the most telling feature of all—that they were not in-

cluded in Aymar Vallance's iconography, which was revised by Aubrey Beardsley himself.

### *The Controversy Spreads*

THIS controversy raged in the columns of several metropolitan, as well as provincial, newspapers. It became the most widely discussed incident in the art world of recent years. In fact, one wondered if the American public did not take a far greater interest in artistic matters than it has been generally credited with, after all.

On this page is reproduced one of the alleged rejected drawings for Pope's "Rape of the Lock," supposed to be by Beardsley. Above it four well-known Beardsley drawings to show how this clumsy and uncouth thing was manufactured. It is hardly necessary to say that no artist would make a design by taking parts of four previously executed drawings, making very bad copies of them and throwing them together without any regard whatever for design or composition.

We will leave it to our readers to pick out the various component parts of this drawing; it is a new form of picture puzzle, and making Beardsleys may now become, for all we know, a favorite indoor sport with which to while away the long autumn evenings. It has the merit of being a game which any number can play. This particular drawing, by the way, is signed in full, while none of the published designs for illustrations for "The Rape of the Lock" are signed by the artist at all.

I am afraid that the art writers on the New York papers will not find their remarks taken very seriously next winter—that is, if the public is not quick to forget that they swallowed the Great Beardsley Hoax without a murmur. All excepting Henry McBride of the New York Sun, who very politely intimated that the drawings might not be "right", and Royal Cortissoz, the learned and able critic of the New York Tribune. Mr. Cortissoz very wisely did not dignify the exhibition of "hitherto unknown Beardsley drawings" with any mention at all.



# Reviewer's Cramp

*The Result of too Many Books as a Business*

By L. B. WELLINGTON

AFTER reviewing books for five years I was obliged to desist on account of reviewer's cramp. I may say for the enlightenment of those who are not familiar with the malady that it is purely mental, having none of the physical symptoms of the nervous affection which sometimes jerks a writer's pen-hand in the air. My hand was not jerked in the air, but my mind was, and from that time to this I have never started to write a review that my mind did not immediately fly away from it and rivet itself on something else; and when detached with difficulty from that particular object it would rivet itself on another, equally remote from the review. It is no mere lack of interest in writing a review, for that might be overcome—is overcome daily and hourly—and besides you see reviews being written everywhere by people who obviously could have had no interest in writing them. It is the passionate interest in something else that constitutes the gravity of my case—the more so because the things that then awaken it do not normally attract me. I have been enchanted for a long time by an ordinary pen-wiper from the moment of starting to write a review. When a bee has entered the room, although I am not in the least zoölogical in my inclinations, I have become a Fabre.

## *One Final Attempt to Concentrate*

RECENTLY I gave the thing one more trial, thinking that after a long interval the condition might have passed. I took five novels that had entertained me—two by Leonard Merrick, one each by Beresford and Walpole, and the *Four Horsemen* of Ibañez—and determined to stir them all together in four or five pleasant pages around the central notion that, after all, each showed in one way or another the tendency of the contemporary novel to be contemporary, in spite of the fact that from the pages of one you would not know that the war had existed and from the pages of another you would see plainly that but for the war the book would not exist. I should express surprise at a writer who showed no traces of the war, but I should admit that he was nevertheless contemporary. I read dozens of those articles every month; I like them; and I started to make one. This time it was sealing-wax. I rolled six balls of sealing-wax, making them rounder and rounder. It is wonderful how round you can make balls of sealing-wax, if you give your whole soul to it.

## *A Righteous Feeling of Work Not Done*

MOST reviewers sooner or later have some form of reviewer's cramp, but the victim of my form of it is not only permanently disabled; he is under the illusion of righteousness. He believes he is justified in behaving in that way. Not only that, but he believes other reviewers ought to behave as he does. I felt nobler after rolling those wax balls than I should have felt after writing the review, and so far as I have read the reviews of those novels, I believe almost every writer if he had applied himself to sealing-wax instead would be feeling nobler too. For I cannot believe that they meant a word they said or that they wanted to say it—I mean in regard to the

quality of the books, not of course their mere outlines of the stories.

I cannot believe, for example, that a man perhaps fifty years of age and a reviewer of novels by the hundred can become ecstatic often. I believe he will go a whole year at his occupation without being ecstatic once. I do not believe that after reading Leonard Merrick's *When Paris Laughed*, he meant any one of the following words: "From his seasoned but joyous throat the old melody ripples forth fresh and free, full of delicious whims and sly laughter." I insist also that those five reviewers, each of whom implied that on reading the *Four Horsemen* he was shaken like a reed by the wind knew perfectly well either that he was not shaking at all or that he was making himself shake.

Nothing stood out from the general situation as they implied that it did in all of these reviews. In short, these reviewers are subdued to the iron law of reviewing, and this iron law ordains that reviewing shall be the perpetual announcement of differences that are not perceived and of astonishments for good or for evil that are not experienced, and that it shall be accompanied by a constrained silence as to the sense of monotony that undoubtedly always pervades the reviewer's bosom. There is stiff compulsion in it. Such things could not happen in a free and private life.

## *As in the Case of a Bean Diet*

IF, for example, a man in private life had for one day a purée of beans, and the next day *haricots verts*, and then in daily succession bean soup, bean salad, butter beans, lima, black, navy, Boston baked, and string beans, and then back to purée and all over again, he would not be in the relation of the general eater to food or in the relation of the general reader to books. But he would be in the relation of the general reviewer toward novels. He would soon perceive that the relation was neither normal nor desirable, and he would take measures, violent if need be, to change it. He would not say of the *haricots verts* when they came around again that they were quite in the vein of the *Vie de Bohème* but ever fresh and free, and he would not say on his navy bean day that they were as brisk and stirring little beans of the sea as he could recall in his recent eating. He would say grimly, beans again, and he would take prompt steps to intermit this abominable precession of bean dishes, however diversely they were contrived.

If change for any reason were impossible—if owing to a tyrant wife and the presence of a monomaniac in the kitchen we could imagine him constrained to an indefinite continuance,—then he would either conceive a personal hatred toward all beans that would make him unjust to any bean however meritorious, or he would acquire a mad indiscriminateness of acquiescence and any bean might please. And his judgment would be in either case an unsafe guide for general eaters.

This I believe is what happens to almost all reviewers of fiction after a certain time, and it accounts satisfactorily for various phenomena that are often attributed to a baser cause. It is the custom at certain intervals to

denounce reviewers for their motives. They are called venal and they are called cowardly by turns. They are blamed for having low standards or no standards at all and for not having the slightest sense of anything of a permanent value in literature, and for using the language of the advertising page. I think their defects are due chiefly to the nature of their calling; that they suffer from an occupational disease.

## *Don't Blame the Reviewer*

I DO not see why they should be blamed for not applying to their contemporaries a scale based on the permanent values of literature. They are not engaged in an occupation that admits of such a thing. No one in their situation could judge fairly his contemporaries, even if it be assumed that contemporaries can ever be fairly judged. They are wedged in so tight with contemporary minds that they cannot even get a square look at them. But they persist in employing words that imply a permanent value in some merely momentary thing and they mislead a general reader, who, as he is not devouring current fiction in such quantities as they are, has more space in his thoughts for perspective. Hence they always seem in any proportionate view of the thing profuse and niggardly by turns—arms out today to a Mr. Merrick or a Mr. Walpole, backs turned perhaps to-morrow on some poor American, just as good as they, who is naturally thinking, How about me? They are to blame rather for misusing the words of literary criticism. In the circumstances they should not be used at all. It is a journalistic subject and a journalistic treatment, but there is such a fidgeting with literary terms that somehow they always mislead you.

## *Fiction and Journalism*

IT is not speaking ill of fiction of this class to call it merely journalism, as critics for a generation past have been doing; it is speaking well of journalism. It has a wider liberty than journalism and a somewhat longer hold, but it does not last long and what is more, the makers of it do not expect it to last long. Essentially it is on the exact level of dozens of respectable magazines, as everybody concerned in it or about it is aware. Yet reviewers who never speak of the appearance of the last month's magazines with any literary emotion, will report almost any novel as a literary event, or condemn it because it is not one. It seems as if they might avoid extremes in the one case as well as in the other. Surely this situation has lasted long enough for familiarity to supervene. If I saw a man while reading the *London Spectator* fall from his chair in a fit of laughter, if I saw some elderly gentleman throw the *Atlantic Monthly* up in the air with shouts of joy, I should suppose of course that each of them was out of his mind. When reviewers of fiction behave as they constantly do in this same manner over events that are no whit more significant, it is not necessary, perhaps, to take so serious a view of their condition of mind; but it is natural to suppose that they may be the unconscious victims of some such malady as I have indicated.



# How We Lost the War

*The Chief Reasons for Our Failure, According to Those Who Know*

By PAUL M. HOLLISTER

THE news that we lost the war will come as a shock to those mawkish folk who look at life through pink glasses, and who seeing, believe that the struggle is over and won. Queer, pathetic, satisfied creatures, they lay down their Sunday supplements containing photographs from Versailles, sigh, and remark: "Well, let's pick up the old threads". Little do they know!

For, from all that I can gather from conversations with some of those recently returned from France, and from the Congressional committee investigating the conduct of the war, we lost the conflict by quite a large margin.

I learned the truth myself only the other evening, when I sat down with Gilfin and Louder in the club. You know Gilfin and Louder, though possibly not by those names. They are members of a large and prominent family just returned from abroad, and metamorphosed out of crisp khaki into everyday citizens. I found them parked on their cervical vertebrae.

## *The Truth About Those Seventy-fives*

"DO you know," Gilfin was inquiring with a poisonous menace in his voice, "how many American seventy-fives actually reached the front?"

Louder knew perfectly. So he wagged his head, and smiled a grim, warped smile.

But I didn't know. "How many?" I asked, and if you had been there you would have sensed in my tone the pitying contempt I held for my government. The wretched muddlers! "Just FOUR!" Gilfin trumpeted.

"Oh, my Lord," I said. There was really nothing else I could say.

"And they had to clear the right of way from Bordeaux to the front to get 'em there before Armistice Day," Louder added.

"Oh, my!" A thousand ejaculations rushed to my lips; a thousand questions to my mind, all beginning with "But what—?" But all I said was "Oh, my!" It was enough for Louder. I had tripped his starting-lever. He turned on Gilfin.

"That isn't a patch on the French rifle. Why I actually inspected French rifles that hadn't been fired for *over a year*, nor cleaned since God knows when. Ammunition didn't fit, you know. The French had nothing but blanks left last summer in the German drive. And dummy artillery all the way from Soissons to the Vesle. Of course, they never used their rifles."

## *And as for the Liberty Motor—!*

GILFIN shook his head sadly, sympathetically. I took my cue from him, turned to Louder, shook my head. "I should say they didn't!" I said heartily, and chuckled so that they would know I understood the absurdity of using rifles *in a war*. Louder apparently missed my point, although he was looking at me.

"I beg your pardon?" he said.

"Yes," I responded, and nodded in violent agreement. I was going on to explain when Gilfin interrupted:

"Say—that Liberty motor! Did you see those cam-shafts they started sending over?"



One of four lead vases, seven feet tall, done by Paul Manship for the garden of an estate

Three hundred thousand of them, made from the wrong specifications, had to be shipped back to the States. And one of Baker's own men told me that we actually had fit for service at the front just exactly *five* trained pilots, all using condemned French planes!"

That was too thick for me. I surely recalled more than five distinguished American flyers, and not only pilots but aces. And I said so, rather timidly.

"Assumed names!" Gilfin snapped.

"Just camouflage, old man," said Louder.

"Lack of liaison," added Gilfin.

"Sure. Regular West Point stuff," said Louder and put a period to the point.

"Still," said Gilfin, "it was just as well. If we ever had started that Metz thing we wouldn't have had enough ammunition for two hours. I got that straight from G. H. Q."

"Oh, well," Louder reassured him. "that Metz drive was called off anyway. No maps. And not a single division had more than half its complement. Pershing cabled three days before that he had to have three million more men. I saw the cable."

## *More Intimate Revelations*

OF course, this was shocking news to me. Gilfin evidently had known of it, for he was examining his finger-nails, and only glanced up to ask: "French women?"

Louder nodded.

"Say," said Gilfin, "did you get any of that poison-bread?"

"The First Army was in hospital from July to October with it. But I got my transfer just before then to Vozzy-le-Oiseau. One of the British aides told me that Lloyd George said right then and there to Clemenceau: 'Look here now. That has got to stop or we make a separate peace.' That brought 'em round, all right. They did, so he didn't."

"Naturally," said Gilfin.

I saw right then and there that we had lost the war. There were, it seems, only two hun-

dred marines in all of France, and they were in labor battalions. The British were on strike from September to November fifth—evidently on account of that difference between Lloyd George and Clemenceau. That brought them into combat much too late. You can imagine my feelings, not to have known all this time what really had happened. Everything we had been told at home was more than likely sheer German propaganda.

## *And Now How About the Wars of History?*

THIS alarming exposure of the war proves that accurate history cannot be written until those who have every right to give the facts are dead, and inaccessible except to spiritualists, who never seem to get many radical corrections out of the dead anyway. We have got to go on down the dismal ages, being bilked in war after war. Frankly, I believe our military classics are 99<sup>94</sup>/<sub>100</sub> per cent false.

"*Omnia Gallia est divisa in partes tres*," wrote Caesar. More than likely he lied right in his first line. All Gaul was probably divided into seven or eight parts, and he had private or party reasons for recognizing only three. No doubt Cassius went to Paris with him and persuaded him that it would be rotten bad policy from an Aryan standpoint to say anything about the other four or five parts, especially Montmartre and Mexico.

And Xenophon. If that old faker tells you Cyrus marched four *stathmous* and twenty *parasangs*, which is a good day's march if true, you may know that Cyrus covered about fifty-five yards, or the distance between his tent and the (then) bar. We can't trust the yarn that Napoleon, with 20,000 ragged poilus routed an Austrian force of 35,000 at Marengo, feeling sure—as Gilfin and Louder would feel sure—that the Austrian army consisted of forty-seven buck privates, twelve Tyrolean field-marshals, and three Italian peasants drafted from their families and their ravioli to watch the row.

## *A Combination of Forces*

LOUder and Gilfin have overturned my little world. It is no less than my duty as a patriot to overturn yours, in case you cling to the same doddering notions of this last war that I used to have, and I confess, to enjoy. And Congress's notions, never forgetting Congress, as who, indeed, is permitted to?

It was tactless, but I had to blurt it out.

"Well, what won this war, anyway?" I demanded, glaring at the two for satisfaction. I still thought it had been won. I shot the question at them like an imaginary Browning gun (there really was no such thing as a Browning gun).

"Why, you see," said Gilfin, "there were so many different factors—"

"Yes," added Louder, "it was rather a combination of forces—"

"Oh! I do see, now. You mean the two million factors who went overseas and the combination of the Allies! That's just—"

"Not at all," said Louder and Gilfin in a body. "Not at all. We'll explain. Now—"

For all I know they are still explaining it.



# The Lady and the 'Plane

*The Interest and Influence of Women in American Aviation*

By GEORGE W. SUTTON, Jr.

ARE airplanes suitable vehicles for women? Are women suitable passengers and drivers for airplanes?

Three years ago Victor Carlstrom, a big, husky, masculine, professional aviator, made the first airplane flight from Chicago to New York. His feat was accompanied, both before and after, by much big-type newspaper publicity and much cash in the way of prize money and other emoluments. His flying equipment was the finest it was possible to obtain at that time. His machine was the last word in the art of the flying industry, specially built and carefully nursed and pruned for the trip by the best mechanics in the business. A few days later General Leonard Wood, commanding troops at Governor's Island, New York, was greatly surprised when a frail-looking girl in a ramshackle, obsolete type of 'plane, zipped out of the skies onto his nicely policed parade ground. It was Ruth Law, who had just dropped in from Chicago, without advance public notice, at a rate of speed which totally eclipsed Carlstrom's record. She had made the trip at her own expense, "just for fun," and had set up incidentally a new American record for a non-stop flight.

There were two general results of Miss Law's journey. One was that she was regarded as a phenomenon, an exceptional human being, a sort of a he-woman. The other was that people began to wonder if flying, by any stretch of the imagination, was or would ever become a suitable sport for the supposedly weaker sex.

To-day it is possible to give a positive answer to that question. Women—not all of them, but a large

Miss Marion Cassidy, a 17-year-old licensed pilot of Toronto, who, among other accomplishments, has ascended alone to an altitude of 9,000 feet



Miss Margaret Lawrence expects to transport, in a large bombing 'plane, her company of five in "Tea for Three" on its tour of one night stand.

Mrs. Irene Castle Treman, between films, is preparing to add "aviatrice" to her list of well earned titles

proportion—are ideally fitted for flying, and they are giving daily proofs of their ability to compete successfully with men in this newest of human activities. And this is true not only of women's participation in flying purely as a sport, but in its development for warfare and in the industry itself.

We shall have to begin with the two girls who, at present, stand supreme in the flying accomplishments of American women—Ruth Law and Katherine Stinson. They are both young and pretty and, contrary to the opinions of those who do not know them, both are distinctly and completely feminine. There is no masculine note about either of them. To see Miss Stinson half an hour after a flight, with her brown curls down her back, you would find it hard to realize that she had just returned from a journey aloft, alone in a flimsy biplane, in which she did dozens of loops, tail spins, side slips and other death-defying stunts attempted by only the most ex-

(Continued on page 87)



The joys of life for Miss Corine Griffith, most charming of screen stars, mean being actually up in the clouds in an Aeromarine "flying boat limousine"



Mrs. Castle Treman poses for her millionth picture with her thousandth dog before going aloft in a Thomas-Morse biplane with pilot Frank H. Burnside



# A SUPER-DOG WITH A PRIMITIVE STREAK

*The Police Dog Is the Embodiment of Strength, Alertness and Versatile Ability*

ROBERT S. LEMMON

**H**IS name may not seem to promise it, but he's a hundred per cent HOUSE & GARDEN dog. In other words, a dog of intelligence, personality, character and all-around dependability. These are worth-while characteristics which, parenthetically, all breeds do not possess.

The wolfish origin of the police dog and his development into the animal of today are so generally known that there is no need to repeat them here. What chiefly concerns us are his present qualifications, the things you want to know about any dog before making him a member of the family. For in the choice of a breed there are errors to which the inexperienced are prone—a dog must fit, precisely as if he were a hat, a gown or a pair of shoes.

## His Outstanding Characteristics

The police dog, then, is "all dog," a subtle combination of courage, hardiness, quick wit, determination and faithfulness. By inheritance and training he is fitted to cope with any situation involving defense of home, people or property; by instinct he is a gentleman and a pal. There is nothing of the mollycoddle or pampered pet about him. If you want a canine who will thrive upon three chocolate peppermints and one teaspoonful of whipped cream per diem, don't get a police dog. A pound of lean beef and a chunk of bread are more in his line.

It should be understood that these traits

*The three pups on this page are brothers, and excellent examples of the breed. Two of them won blue ribbons in the puppy class*



*We defy you not to fall in love with a police dog pup—and respect him, too. Notice this youngster's splendid head. Courtesy Mrs. M. E. Heilner*



are characteristic of a *good* police dog, by which is meant one of good breeding. For be it known that a dog so highly specialized as this must needs be a thoroughbred to fulfill all expectations. If a strain of common blood is in his veins, it frequently happens that his defensive and offensive instincts will be perverted; and in the case of so powerful an animal the results will scarcely be desirable. The principle involved is common enough among all animals, human and otherwise; take the specialist away from his legitimate calling, and he must be of the best or disappointment will follow.

It has often occurred to me that were less space given to the dogs themselves in the practical articles which are written about them, and more to the method of handling them and the general treatment accorded, the value to the reader would be increased. A dog is one of the most responsive creatures in the world, to wise as well as unwise handling. His owner should understand his limitations, both physical and mental; his likes and dislikes; the peculiarities of his particular breed, and make allowances for them. Any dog that is worth owning is worth respecting; respect connotes understanding, and understanding brings out the best traits the dog possesses.

## The Importance of Training

The canine kingdom, unlike Cæsar's Gaul, is divided into but two parts: trained dogs, and the vast majority. In the case of most breeds, lack of training means nothing more serious than annoyance and inconvenience, but with a police dog it may prove actually dangerous. Consider for a moment: here is a dog which for generations has been bred

*(Continued on page 91)*



*The part wolf origin of the police dog shows clearly in his conformation and coat. But the undesirable wolfish traits are gone*



# The Lady and the 'Plane

(Continued from page 85)

perienced and daring male pilots.

Neither Miss Stinson nor Miss Law suggests, in any way, the flashy, tinsel-circus rider type of woman. They are more modest and retiring than the usual run of girls and neither seeks undue notoriety or public rewards. I think Miss Law told me once she had been a school teacher. It was easy to believe. Now she is married, but continues to fly.

Both have done much traveling in the course of their work and as a direct result of their exhibitions in the land of Nippon, there is much interest in aviation among the Japanese women, almost the last women in the world you would expect to come abreast of this modern science. Miss Law did 24 loops over the city of Tokio, for which the Imperial Aero Club of Japan awarded her the first of the medals it struck off for its war heroes—with 24 rubies—one for each loop.

The flying germ was born in both Law children—Ruth and her dare-devil brother, Rodman. They did not inherit it from their New England parents. W. Starling Burgess, of Marblehead, Mass., well-known for having built a number of famous little sailboats of the Sonder class, was pioneering in building airplanes eight years ago. He gave Miss Law her first ride in a 'plane and she liked it. Moreover, she was determined to go further with it and learn to fly. Many were the difficulties, because airplane manufacturers, in those days, knew what they have had to *unknow* recently—that women were not suitable for flying. So Miss Law saved up \$2,500, with which she purchased a \$5,000 'plane, paying the balance in instalments. She won her pilot's license in 1912 and ever since she has been skimming the clouds to her heart's content and to the growing fatness of her purse.

Miss Law has recently returned from the Philippines where she inaugurated the first Filipino aerial mail service—between Manila and Baguio, a flying distance of 128 miles. Now she wants to fly across the Atlantic.

Miss Stinson, for years, has con-

ducted a successful school of aviation. She has taught every member of her family to fly and in her aerial achievements vies with Miss Law for honors and accomplishments.

The war called many thousands of women into the aviation industry, where they learned the construction and operation of 'planes and motors. Now many of these women are pilots, driving their own 'planes. The old idea that women were unstable has been exploded into a thousand bits. The war proved that. In aviation this has been proven particularly true. Flying has nothing at all to do with physical strength. Some of France's best flyers had lost limbs previously in other branches of the service. It depends greatly upon three things, all readily acquired or put into practice by women:

- 1—Mechanical knowledge.
- 2—Co-ordination of muscle and mind.
- 3—Ability to make quick decisions.

Here is what Miss Law says:

"I have had hundreds and hundreds of letters from women in all parts of the world asking that I open a school for women, and I would like nothing better than to do this if I had the time. I believe there are lots of women who can and will make expert aviators, and flying will receive its real impetus in the future through the insistence of women to enter into it.

"Danger? There's no danger in flying if the flyer will keep her eyes open, study her 'plane, understand it thoroughly and keep her nerve. I've been flying for eight years and have never broken any part of any airplane I ever flew.

"The answer is that I know my airplane. When the thing begins to do strange tricks I know what to do with it. One night I was flying in the dark and suddenly my machine began falling. I afterwards found I had passed over the chimneys of several steel furnaces and they created air conditions of which I knew nothing. My machine dropped 1,500 feet, but I knew what to do with it and I just sat tight and pulled through.

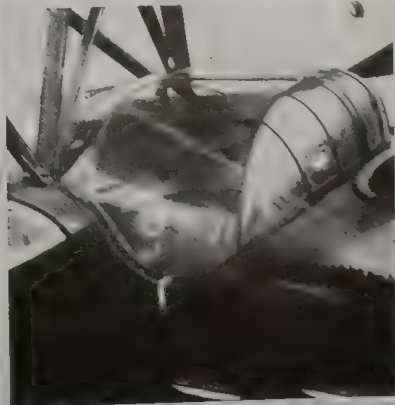
"There are only two things essential to successful flying: absolute, complete, never-say-die confidence, and knowledge of how to land properly. These are equally important.

"There is only one sort of flying that is dangerous. That is the flying done by a person who is afraid to do anything but just merely fly. Stunt flying is essential because it is (Continued on page 86)



The cockpit or tonneau of the Aeromarine flying boat has a windproof and waterproof transparent top

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America, and am chiefly interested in ..... as a sport.

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That exhilarating moment when you realize that you are actually off the ground

## The Lady and the 'Plane

(Continued from page 87)

the only way in which a flyer may become familiar with her plane and know what it will do and what to do with it."

Just to test out the ability of a woman unused to flying to make a flight and keep her nerve, I made up a party consisting of two of the most feminine girls I know, one of them my wife, and the other Miss Corinne Griffith, of the Vitagraph Co. A flight was arranged with Mr. Inglis M. Upperco, President of the Aeromarine 'Plane and Motor Corporation. One of his beautiful new flying boat limousines, the "Sport" boat shown in the photographs in this article, was flown up the Hudson River and the girls boarded it. A thirty-five-mile wind was blowing but neither showed the slightest timidity or hesitation. They took a real flight, over the battleships in the river, the Statue of Liberty and parts of the Jersey meadows. They went up half a mile and traveled at the rate of 90 miles an hour. When they came down they were absolutely delighted with the experience and wanted to go up again right away. Miss Griffith swears she's going to have a 'plane of her own, if she has to forego all the other pleasures of life.

Up in Ithaca, N. Y., Mrs. Irene Castle Treman is learning to fly. Her former husband, Captain Vernon Castle, was an expert flyer and used to take his wife on many long air trips, in the course of which he performed all of the stunts known to England's best aviators. Mrs. Treman inherits brains and ability to think quickly. The success which she and Captain Castle attained in dancing was due to a combination of a perfect co-ordination of muscle and mind, and the possession of charming personalities. With her determination to master the intricacies of anything new and her ability to think and act almost simultaneously,

Mrs. Treman should make a capable, fearless flyer.

Mrs. C. E. Mason's school for girls, "The Castle," at Tarrytown, N. Y., has a course for girls who wish to learn flying. This is one of the most exclusive boarding schools around New York, attended by daughters of people of wealth and prominence. It has a landing field and a full equipment of flying instructors and airplanes. This is a development which may have important results. If other girls' schools take up this subject, we may, in a short time, see a great number of girls who have received pilots' licenses along with their diplomas. The University of California, Fordham University and other men's colleges are including a thorough course in aeronautics in their schedules.

Here is an example of feminine nerve, and if you doubt that it takes nerve, try it. Miss Sylvia Borden, of England, recently went up in an airplane, piloted by Eddie Stinson, brother of Katherine Stinson, at Atlantic City. When the machine was a thousand feet high Miss Borden dived head first out into the air, to test a new type of parachute. She landed safely, but the feat called for courage of high degree.

Miss Josephine Dunn, of Mississippi, recently celebrated her graduation from the Stinson School of Aviation by performing, at Atlantic City, the first loop-the-loop ever done there by a woman. Miss Dunn piloted her own machine, with her brother Richard Dunn, a former Army flyer, as passenger. And she is only sixteen years old.

And now that women are learning to fly they will soon be as important an influence in aviation as they are in motoring. Among other things, it is probable that many of them will select the type of airplanes they wish their husbands to buy.



Painted like its namesake, the oriole, this Curtiss pleasure 'plane is becoming popular rapidly among women who fly



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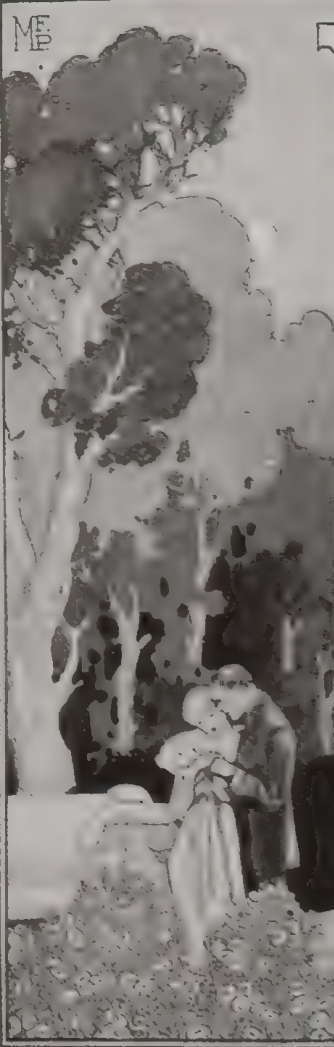
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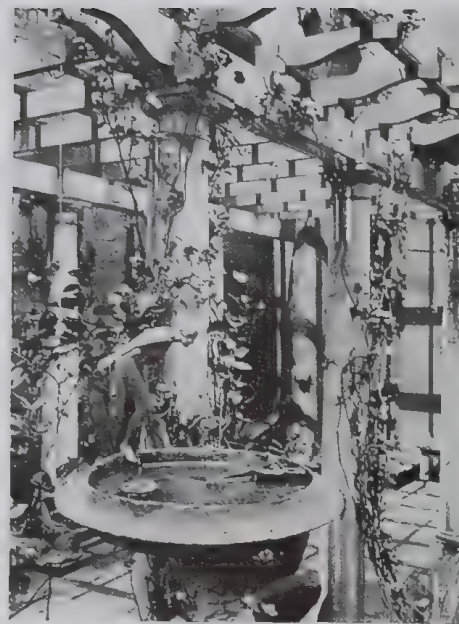


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*Among the gracious things with which the sculptors enrich our gardens is the spirited figure poised gracefully above a bird-bath recently designed by Lucinda Davies*

## ART PAYS TRIBUTE to the HEROES

(Continued from page 71)

so close, in the midst of events of which every detail was of such vital importance to the outcome of the war, robbed them of a certain power of perspective and of the ability to eliminate. Possibly they needed more confidence in the intelligence and in the imagination of their public or felt too keenly a set task. Whatever the cause, however, the fact remains that the atmosphere of the exhibition was not one to thrill either the art-loving or the sensation-loving public. To one who sought there an art which might be distinctly pigeon-holed as Canadian, it was a disappointment, for beyond its nationality in subject, it might have been as readily the work of French, English, or American painters for Canada, like America, can hardly be said to have an art of her own, as most of her painters have been trained in Paris or at least on the continent, and follow those traditions.

### HISTORY MADE DECORATIVE

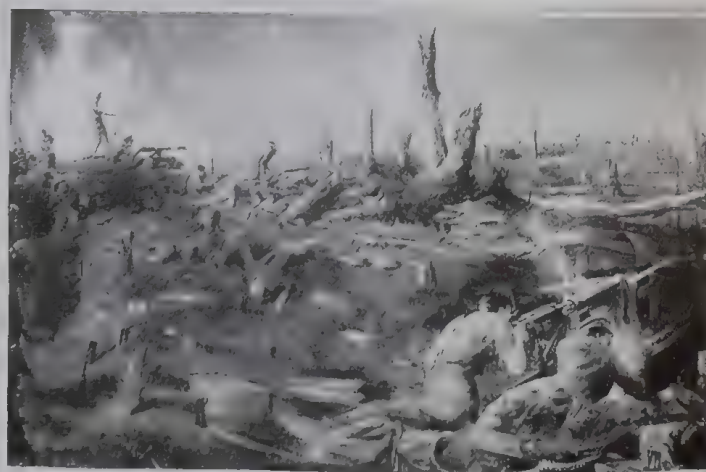
The finest large canvas in the exhibition, both from the standpoint of art and in its vigorous and dramatic presentation, was the "Landing of the First Canadian Division at Saint Nazaire, February, 1915," by Edgar Bundy. If

in looking at it, one is conscious that the artist was familiar with Rembrandt's "The Night Watch," even to the remembrance of the children running across the foreground, one can not but admire the skill with which he included the actual events, the famous band of the Royal Canadian Highlanders, the troop-ship, the group of officers whose portraits have been so ably introduced, and the emphasis of the dramatic effect of the landing reflected in the expressions of the crowd.

### THE CANADIAN STORY

The great seascape in the entrance-hall, "Canada's Answer," by Lieutenant-Commander Norman Wilkinson, depicts the rush of the first Canadian volunteers to defend the cause of freedom. From this first response of the great nation on through the depicting of the great events such as those which took place at Vimy Ridge and at Ypres, the force of "Canadian Artillery in Action," by Captain Kenneth K. Forbes, and "War in the Air," by Nevinson—whose own personal experience in the air added to his skill in painting aerial subjects has already associated his name

(Continued on page 94)



*Among the most successful presentations of real warfare in the Canadian Memorial exhibition was Captain Kenneth K. Forbes's painting of Princess Pat's regiment at Sanctuary Wood*



## Any Movie Actress

(Continued from page 69)

I am a woman. My heart has throbbed with all the emotions that a woman's heart may throb with; I have burned with the bitter-sweet yearnings of Passion's winged darts; I have learned, only too well, that "love's young dream never runs smooth." But enough of this—there are things too sacred to reveal to the gaping mouths of the multitude.

I HAVE often been asked to give advice to girls who want to go into the "movies." To the question of whether or not the life is a dangerous one for a young girl, I can only answer, "yes and no." In the "movies," as in every art, I cannot deny that there are snares and pitfalls lying in wait to lead the wanderer's feet from the "narrow and straight path." She will meet all sorts of men,—those kind who will give her fatherly advice and have her best interests at heart, as well as those kind who fall for every pretty face, only to drop it and pursue the next one, leaving a trail of broken hearts behind them. There are, alas, only too many of these fickle charmers,—perfect Don Quixotes—to be met with in a moving picture actress's career. A pretty girl must make up her mind that she will receive a great deal of attention, some of it, perhaps, unwelcome. As to whatever dangers or benefits may attend the career of a girl who is not beautiful, I'm afraid I really can't say. It is a subject about which I know nothing about.

Personally, I have let nothing interfere with my work. I have always realized that a moving picture artist's life was not a "bed of primroses," and I have simply slaved at my art. I am

always striving for better things; I have never—how surprised my readers will be at this!—I have never been perfectly satisfied with any picture that I have appeared in, as yet. Though I have tried and tried, I cannot find a perfect scenario—one that is suited to me in every respect. The only thing for me to do, I suppose, is to write it myself when I can get the time.

I have often been asked what has been my greatest asset in life, and I always answer, "My sense of humor." It has helped me over many a rough place, and has always enabled me to see the "silver" lining to any "storm cloud" that has come up on the highroad of life.

PERHAPS this little verse—I'm too modest to tell you who the author is!—will help you as much as it has me. I have always taken it for my guide:

*When the sun no longer shines in your heart*

*And it seems like life is so gloomy and dark.*

*Just wear a smile and you will see  
The world will soon smile back at thee.*

In conclusion, I can only say that I want you to always think of me as just a "human being," like yourselves. Even though I am so successful, it has never turned my head. I get a salary so big that I really don't dare tell you what it is for fear you wouldn't believe me, yet I don't feel that I am any better than anybody else. My success has never spoiled me—for, in spite of it all, I have stayed just a kiddie at heart.

## A Super-Dog With a Primitive Streak

(Continued from page 86)

and trained to guard sheep and run down criminals—both occupations calling for strength and aggressiveness. To be satisfactory in either his "professional" rôle or that of general purpose companion such an animal must be under control at all times, otherwise his instincts may get himself and others into trouble.

The most satisfactory police dog, then, is the one which has been thoroughly trained in at least the rudiments of police work. Such training enables him to distinguish between friend and foe, develops his intelligence, makes him amenable to control, and gives him a purpose in life. It does not follow that after the training period actual criminal work is necessary for the dog to remain at his best; the mere experience gained under his trainer will give him balance and discrimination, like a man who has been through business life and learned hard lessons.

There are several ways in which such a trained dog can be secured. You may buy a mature one which has already

had his schooling; you may get a puppy, bring him up in the ordinary way until he is seven or eight months old, and then put him into the hands of a competent professional trainer; or, finally, you may train him yourself—if you are an experienced dog handler and have the time to devote to him.

A properly bred, educated and kept police dog is one of the best guardians and companions a dog lover could desire. He is a sort of super-dog, a powerful, alert fellow with more than a trace of the primitive in appearance and character. One can easily picture him as the hero of a dog story—the kind where Duke rescues Little Martha from the burning house or Small Willie from the hole in the ice, or runs away into the forest and becomes the all-wise leader of a pack of one hundred and nineteen wolves, one of them a small albino female with a chronic limp in her left hind leg, who can do just anything she likes with him. Only the man or woman who names a police dog Duke commits a crime against self-respect and insults the breed.



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The professional torero or bull-fighter is a god among men in Spain, and a casual nod from this dignitary is quite enough to turn the head of any adoring little Spanish boy. Even his presence on the street or in the theatre is the sign for an ovation.

## NEW THINGS and OLD in SPAIN

(Continued from page 57)

the sheep, and the procession is always picturesque and imposing. The shepherds are armed with long crooks, while the dogs scout along the outside to keep the stragglers up to the pace and to keep them from straying.

But it is not only in the country that the primitive and romantic is to be met with. The dashing exploits of the Cid become very real as one walks across the massive bridge of Alcantara which leads to time-honoured Toledo or as one treads the paths round venerable Burgos. Here is a house in Salamanca or Seville where at any moment, the door may swing open disclosing the graceful swaggering figure of a Gil Blas, a Figaro, or a Leperello; or here is a plaza in Cordoba or Granada where may be descried without any feat of imagination the cavaliers and rogues of de Tormes or Lope de Vega.

As a rule, the stations are placed at quite a distance from the towns and villages, so that aside from the street-cars, the electric lights, and the glaring posters which announce that "El famoso Charlie Chaplin," or "La bella Maria Pickford" may be seen at the local temple of cinematography, there is little to remind that one is living in the twentieth century. The prehistoric ox-cart, with its wheels purposely left unoiled to give warning by their noise,

the gaily caparisoned donkeys, tinkling with bells, the peddlers with their ancient musical cries, the flocks of goats which are stopped at the doors to be milked, youths with stone jars of drinking water on their shoulders, incredible old beggars with long pilgrim staffs in their hands,—these with countless other sights carry one back many centuries.

In the shadow of some arcade, usually near the market-place, sits the public letter-writer, surrounded by a motley group waiting in their turn to dictate; here is a basket-weaver with an order for some business firm in Madrid, a young girl with a tender love message on her lips, an old mother conning over the things she wants to say to a distant son or daughter.

### UNDER THE MOON

In the evening under the moon, the streets take on a most dream-like appearance. Nearly all of the pedestrians after sundown are men in wide-brimmed hats and long black capes muffled under their chins, looking for all the world like the figures one sees flitting across the tapestries of Goya. Now and then, a tall graceful youth stops at an iron-barred window, and one has a glimpse



At the Art Gallery in old Seville, the slender pillars, rising like lilies to support their delicate arches, reflect the Moorish glory that lies like an eternal fairy-tale over the Alhambra.





*Outside the walls of Toledo, on the bridge of Alcantara, one hesitates a moment, fearful lest the towers and spire, and wall, vanish in blue mist and the whole city prove a shining jab*

## NEW THINGS and OLD in SPAIN

(Continued from page 92)

of a dark-eyed señorita within who is the magnet that keeps him there, come wind, come rain, for hours at a time. This is the old Spanish manner of courtship, a custom which survives not only in Spain, but wherever the Spaniard has gone.

The sereno, or night watchman, who calls out the hours in a great many of the old cities and towns, adds not a little to the medieval flavour, dressed as he is in a quaint brigand-like cloak and carrying a lantern and a long javelin. On his belt are hung the keys to all the doors of his district, so that the convivial gentleman never has to wake his entire household if, early in the morning, he finds that he has forgotten the long and weighty instrument that unlocks his heavy portal.

### WANDERING HARPISTS

Often on a summer night, one sees a little knot of people gathered round a blind guitarist or harpist who sings the old folk-songs of the country. These wandering minstrels tramp over most of the peninsula, singing their songs and adding to their repertoire as they wander. Now and then, they are accompanied by dancers whose performance is frequently superior to the variety one witnesses in the music-halls and cabarets of the larger cities. There is a spontaneity and a native grace in their movements which is irresistible. The dancing-girls of Cadiz and Italica (the ancient Seville) were famous in the Roman era, and records show that the gilded youth from all the great cities along the Mediterranean made regular trips thither to witness their tantalizing gyrations. Nor did the renown of the Spanish dancer's grace and daring lessen throughout the centuries which followed. Every traveller who has visited Spain seems to have fallen under her spell, to judge by the many rhapsodies which have been indulged in. The dance, as one sees it in the music-

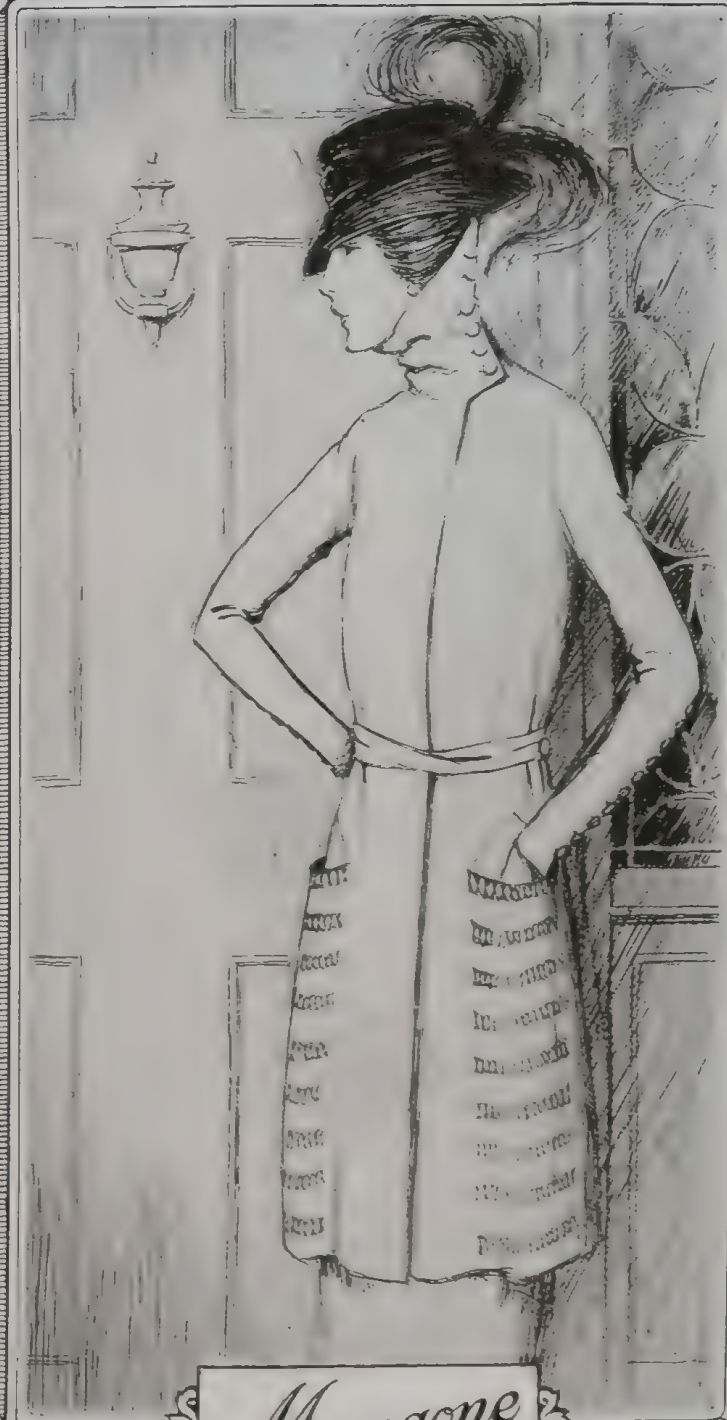
halls of Madrid and Barcelona, is often spoiled by a certain sort of obviousness and vulgarity that is not at all characteristic of the traditional manner. Always the most exciting dances are those in which a graceful woman is matched with a man of equal accomplishment, surrounded by an audience alert to every nuance of expression, beating time with their hands and encouraging them with shouts of *¡O. E. O.!* when something unusually skilful or daring is introduced.

The first sound the tourist hears as he steps out of his hotel on a summer night in Seville is the click, click of hundreds of castanets manipulated by little girls who are allowed by their parents to play for an hour or two at twilight in the plaza. The little *Sacra llana*, when she is escorted through a toy-shop, often turns aside from a doll to reach for a pair of castanets and is able in no time to handle them with the dexterity of an expert. Hardly has she begun to walk before she is able to make some of the movements peculiar to the dances of the province.

### THE IDOLIZED TOREADOR

Nor is the instinct for the dance less pronounced in the Spanish boy, although he is not always so ready to show his accomplishment in that direction. His interest above all others lies in the bull-fight, and he is continually practicing the postures and passes of the *matador*. No innocent cow, dog, or goat is allowed to cross the path without his coat being flung out for the animal to charge at. To him, the professional *torero* is a sort of god among men, and a casual nod from this dignitary is quite enough to turn his head. But the adoration of this modern gladiator is not confined to the juvenile population of the country. He is run after and petted by every one, for bull-fighting is still the ruling passion of the Spaniard of to-day.

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ART PAYS TRIBUTE *to the* HEROES

(Continued from page 90)



At the most fashionable schools for young ladies where simplicity in dress is strongly emphasized our productions are given the preference, for though extremely simple in design, our tailored dresses, frocks, wraps, sports clothes, riding habits and hats are noticeable for their distinction and individuality.



# DE PINNA

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with it—there will be, when the whole is complete, an entire survey of Canadian activity in the war. It is to be regretted that the great decorations by Augustus John for the dome could not be exhibited in the galleries, though the artist was not unrepresented there.

While most of the pictures might be judged more as easel pictures than as decorations for the walls of a public building, there was one which stood out for its mural quality. It was "Number Three Canadian Stationary Hospital at Doullens, France," by Gerald E. Moira, a happy contrast to the other large and distinctly decorative canvas, "Sacrifice," by Charles Sims, which is both painfully literal and literally painful. Some of the most able paintings was by Orpen, and by far the best portraits were from his brush.

From New York, the exhibition has gone to Toronto to form the chief feature this year of the Canadian National Exhibition of Toronto, the largest annual exhibition held in that country.

## THE NEW PEACE MEDAL

In the past few years, we have grown accustomed to finding more and more of our painters turning to the kindred art of etching, but we have not as yet, to the same extent, sought medalists among our sculptors. With the growing interest in medals in this country, ably fostered by the influence of the American Numismatic Society, the

sculptors are devoting more and more of their attention to this field. A part of this interest is, of course, a result of the war, and many of the best of the recent medals are a direct outcome of the war. Among these is the very beautiful medal which commemorates the signing of the treaty of peace, and which was designed by Chester A. Beach for the members of the American Numismatic Society. One does not need to know that the design was chosen unanimously in a contest in which fifteen sculptors of prominence took part to appreciate its beauty. In the art of medal making, it is a new departure, for its design does not follow the traditions of medal making, but goes back to the principles of flat design of the Parthenon Frieze, in which undercutting gave shadows to throw the figures into relief.

On the obverse of the medal, a powerful figure typifying the League of Nations rides the winged Pegasus, accompanied on either side by Peace with her wreath and Justice with sheathed sword and the typifying scales, the three figures trampling out the torch of destruction. On the reverse, the sun shines through the war clouds onto the palace of Versailles. In the design there is a sense of bigness and freedom which far exceeds the size of the medal to which it has been so successfully adapted, combined with a delicacy of handling and a beauty of line that denote the work of an artist.

## The VANGUARD of the COMING MODE

(Continued from page 45)

A coat with a decided waist-line, especially in the back, also from René, appears at the bottom of page 45. In a vivid liberty red duvetine, it is adorned with a wide collar of seal fur. A decided fulness in this coat is held in at the waist-line in back, by groups of shirrings. The line of the coat-skirt bulges slightly at the hip and narrows toward the bottom. The upper part of the coat gives the effect of a short cape, but is really a part of the coat at the back, where it blouses considerably, while the front actually takes the form of a short circular cape drawn over the arms to form sleeves and held together where the collar of fur ends.

## A NEW COAT-DRESS

At the upper left on page 45 is one of the newest of the coat-dresses (from Paquin) now being worn in Paris. Its several new features include the high collar, the two-tier effect of the dress, and the long panel that extends from the neck to the bottom of the skirt, giving a very long effect; all these are definitely new points. It is shown in a soft rust coloured duvetine with a front and a collar to match in satin. The very narrow belt at the waist is of matching leather. The upper part of the dress, extending as far as the bottom of the first tunic, is of one piece. The fulness, which is quite circular, is held at the sides and at the back in godet plaits wider at the bottom than at the top. These stitched plaits are used at either side of both the tunic and the skirt. The dress is otherwise

untrimmed and fastens at one side.

## FROCKS FOR AFTERNOON AND EVENING

The Jenny dress for afternoon wear, shown by Gidding, which appears at the lower left on page 44, is in navy blue taffeta elaborately embroidered in turquoise blue beads. The dress starts without the familiar straight chemise lines that have been so popular for several seasons back, but at either side, widths of the taffeta are hung, as it were, over a narrow belt that marks the waist-line. The upper part of the taffeta that loops over the belt at either hip, puffs into wide panniers, while the bottom part hangs in bouffant lines to the hem of the skirt. The neck and short sleeves are finished with tiny turquoise beads.

At the right on page 45 is sketched a charming evening gown of black satin, simply trimmed with sapphire blue satin beautifully embroidered in jet beads. The straight silhouette, though often slightly modified, is maintained in many of the new evening gowns, and while the bodice is very artistic, there is very little of it. There are no sleeves, and the back is cut very low, while straight bands cross the shoulders. The skirt is gracefully draped, but does not give the effect of fulness, though there are wide loops at either side of the skirt ending in tassels of jet beads. It seems unlikely that sleeves of any kind are to be seen in evening gowns, at present. In fact, afternoon frocks are adopting features that used to be received for evening wear alone.



## PARIS TASTES *the* FRUITS of VICTORY

(Continued from page 47)

secondly because our love for the cape will unquestionably lead us back to its cousin the shawl, which we appreciate for the charming grace of movement it gives.

The Madrid restaurant, the Pré Sacetal, Armenonville, and the Cascade divide the attention of those who like to dine in the open air. The dinners are very good, it must be admitted, and unbelievably expensive. But what woman can resist the desire to wear her very loveliest gowns and to appear, or to try to appear, the most beautiful of all? Thus arises this madness to go out somewhere, anywhere, to the races, to dinners outside the city, and to lunches anywhere at all, and to this also is due the love of the grande toilette.

### TOILETTES IN PARIS RESTAURANTS

It is amusing to note how little difference exists between the daytime gown and that of the evening. True, the daytime frock maintains a lining, light though it may be, while that for evening has no longer any sort of lining in the bodice, which consists merely of two bretelles. Thus Madame Le Tellier dined some days ago at the Madrid in a frock of black tulle barely caught over the shoulders. On the other hand, she wore the largest and most becoming of hats, very flat, without trimming, made of black crêpe lisse and worn very low over the eyes. Madame Edouards, in a gown of black moire, wore a capeline of shiny straw trimmed with marigolds effectively mingled with black foliage. The Duchess of Sforza wore a very clever hat with a tiara of mauve plumes hiding the ears, adapted from the head-dress of Chanteclair, and accompanied by a



*When the chemise frock appeared at all in the trousseau of Mlle. Pecci, it was modified, as in the case of this foulard frock from Chanel, by floating panels*

frock of mauve crêpe. The Duchess de Morny chose a gold turban and a frock of brown mousseline de soie.

### A JEWELLED MODE

Women are wearing at present pearls of magnificent size; one can not remember ever having seen such large ones worn so commonly, and without doubt, their value is in proportion to their size. Jewels of all sorts are very much in favour; besides pearls, there are barrettes, pins, and bracelets, and even the tops of bags are enriched with brillants. We have bidden farewell to our war-time Oriental necklaces which suited so well our war-time mode of existence.

(Continued on page 96)



*A small person of the de Grammont family, dressed as the King of Rome, carried the court train of the formal wedding-gown in white and gold Venetian velvet which Worth designed for Mlle. Anna Loetitia Pecci*

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## PARIS TASTES the FRUITS of VICTORY

(Continued from page 95)

To-day, on the afternoon costume, the drapery, the fronts of the bodice, and the collar of the cape are frequently held by magnificent pins set in brilliants, such as that worn a few days ago by the Baroness Henri de Rothschild. On the left hip, holding the girdle which was knotted twice there, she wore barrettes measuring about twelve centimetres and set with jewels.

On the whole, colours are coming to the front again, and we no longer dress exclusively in white and black. Whether on a hat or a frock, there is a feather, a scarf, or a touch of embroidery which

brings a brilliant note—the gage of peace. But the thing of which we are not absolutely certain, is whether the desired increase in width will last long. At the same gathering, one sees women of great distinction dressed very differently. At a recent gathering, the costumes of Madame Pecci-Blunt and of Madame de Mier were absolutely different, a fact which is not without its charm, it must be admitted, especially when both are Callot frocks.

There is only one thing to say with certainty, and that is, "*qui vivra verra*." J. R. F.

## FRENCH MATERIALISTS

(Continued from page 41)

ing colour strain. In patterned materials, this house shows a silk voile with raised velvet designs of almost unbelievable suppleness. The colour range is a complete one, and designs vary from a realistic rose to a conventional pattern of circles. It is to be noted that the design is always an isolated figure on a voile ground. Another heavier piece shows velvet figures on a satin ground. There is a pattern of an elongated egg and another of diamonds scattered over the surface, both of which have an attractive old-time air about them. It is curious that this return to favourites of long-past seasons should be a feature of all the best collections, and it indicates, perhaps, a revival of the more formal modes of other days. The colour range, too, including rich greens and browns with dark wine reds, is in the taste of the past.

Another example of the isolated design is shown in seduisia, a heavy silk brocade for mantles, which has a conventional figure on a satin cashmere ground. A remarkable novelty combines a brocaded design with colour printing. On a very soft satin ground, there is an oval showing roses and their leaves in broché. The flowers are printed in three colours, reddish brown, and two shades of soft red, with myrtle green for the leaves; the whole appears on a dark blue foundation.

The metal and silk combinations are bewildering in colour and design. There is a metal lamé with a Chinese design, for here also the designers have gone largely to the East for inspiration. Silver and gold are freely mingled in the same fabric, but woven in such a manner that they are as supple as chiffon. There is a mixture of metal and silk called sardanople which crushes in the hand like voile. In contrast to the Oriental patterns, voile lamé has a Louis XVI lattice window holding a vase inset in gold or silver on a coloured silk crêpe ground. Brocades with alternating square of metal and broché are new, and it may be said that there is a tendency towards conventional designs, such as squares and diamonds.

The famous printed linings of this house are seen again in new and amusing designs. Among them may be mentioned ondoyant, which has wavy black lines on a tan foundation, and large figures, orange and blue. For lining furs, one may choose heavier satin brochés in striking patterns and colours on a satin foundation. These are for small pieces, such as scarfs or capes; something more supple is chosen for fur coats. For evening mantles, there are magnificent Venetian designs in long-pile plush on a gold ground. Besides all these, one must mention the wonderful ribbons which indicate the continuance of girdles. One of them is heavy dark blue faille that had a large

circular brocaded motif of small red flowers and silver leaves. Others show fine designs of coloured silk threads on silver or gold. Still others again are all of metal.

At the house of Coudurier, Fructus et Descher, suppleness is again the first requirement. They are making a faille and a peau de Londres which are heavier than the silks every one has been accustomed to lately, and which suggest a return to *robes de style*. But even these are perfectly adapted to draping and do not suggest that magnificent but unbecoming quality of standing alone which was the supreme requisite of a really good silk in the time of our grandmothers. A peau de Londres called canadien and a faille called gaulois seem created for those ample skirts which gown the ladies in the recovered Latour pastels. Old-fashioned materials, indeed, are strongly represented in this collection. There is a striped velvet called Rob Roy which might have been of the Second Empire.

Among the plain fabrics which promise to be popular are the thick crêpes de Chine called crêpe mongole and crêpe burman. There is a rich silk cloth called bure de soie which comes in warm dark colours, and a long line of chiffon velvets, as supple as voile and appropriately called Tanagra. A great vogue is predicted for them, even though the price is sixty francs a yard. Many shades of red are noted in the different lines, for Coudurier is stressing this colour for winter. There is a novelty called crêpe vermeil, which is crêpe on one side and satin on the other. This is being shown in a whole range of red tones.

In patterned fabrics are many combinations of silver and colour, for Coudurier expects greater popularity for silver than for gold, since it is generally more becoming. The famous lamés égyptiens, in gold and silver on silk crêpe, are here in new designs. A brocade that is particularly effective is called Libellule and shows frosty silver dragonfly wings on a coloured ground. An elaborate design is that of silver bamboo-shoots on colour, and there are striking Chinese roses in metal on pale silk backgrounds. In contrast to the Oriental designs is one called jardin de Versailles with eighteenth-century figures; it might have been found in the Palace itself. A great novelty in design is that taken from the windows of the ruined Reims cathedral.

Designs of raised velvet on voile or satin foundations are to be used for gowns and wraps respectively. Those on silk voile are called mousselines florentines and come in Italian Renaissance designs; those for wraps are called velours tiepoles and are heavier on account of their satin foundations.

M. H.



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